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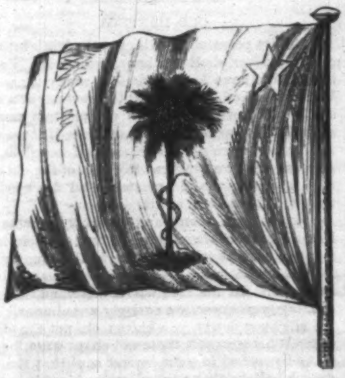
SCENES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

WE give herewith an engraving of the Tomb of Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, South Carolina's greatest statesman. The obelisk in the left of the picture is a Monument to the memory of ROBERT J. TRUMBULL, "the intrepid and successful asserter of the Rights of the States, author of the Address of the Convention to the People of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional Liberty." He was born 14th January, 1774, and died 15th June, 1853.

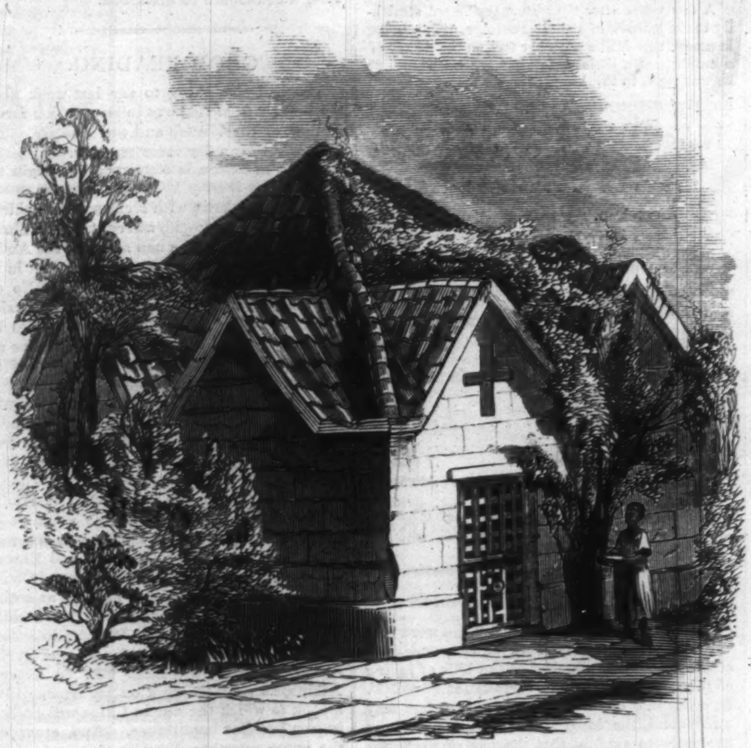
We give also an engraving of the OLD POWDER MAGAZINE in Cumberland Street, Charleston—one of the relics of the Revolutionary War. Here, previous to the surrender of the city to the British, in 1780, powder was stowed to the amount of about 100,000 pounds. By order of the American general in command it was taken from this place before the surrender, and secretly walled up in the Custom-house vaults, where it remained safe from discovery during the time the enemy held the city.

This relic of the past is still in good preservation, and is one of the most notable ancient buildings at present remaining in the city.

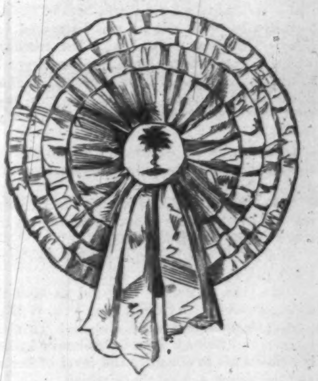
The reader will find also an engraving of the PALMETTO FLAG, which has been recently hoisted by vessels in the harbor, and in the streets of Charleston, during the secession excitement. And of the famous COCKADE worn by the citizens of South Carolina generally. The last is of blue silk, with a button in the centre, on which is represented a palmetto-tree.



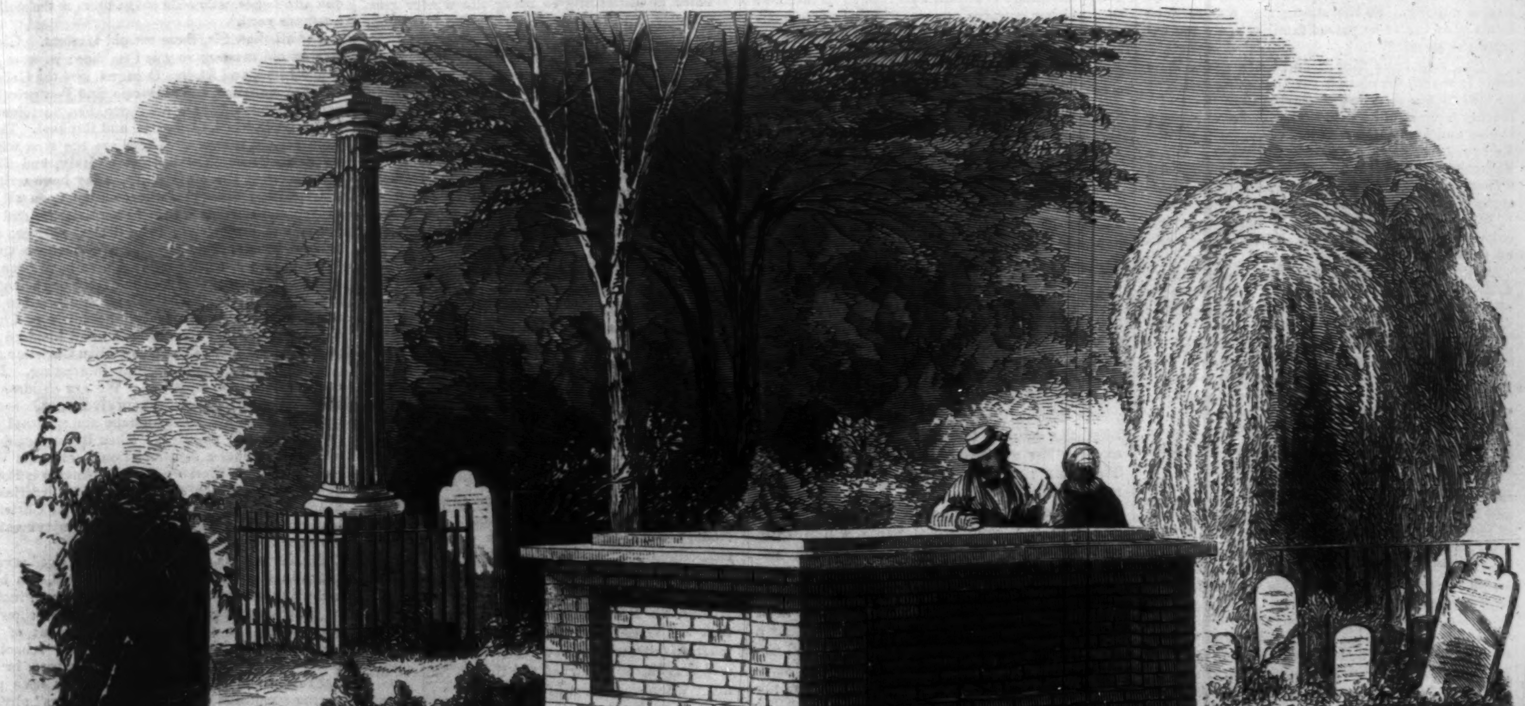
THE PALMETTO FLAG.



THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE, CUMBERLAND STREET.



THE PALMETTO COCKADE.



TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH-YARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE RETURN.

A long path of moonlight lay upon the sea. Its farther extremity touched the horizon under the moon, and its hither point swept along the shore with the stride of a stranger who was treading the pebbles, sliding its glistening arm over acres upon acres of ocean surface. Out upon the bay, visible in the bright light but spectral, floated the ship whose boat had just kissed the sand with its keel, and was now speeding back to the merry click of lithe oars in musical row-locks.

As the stranger strode along the beach there came familiar sounds across the water—the rattle of tackle and the flap of sails; then spectral canvas swelled to the pressure of the wind, the ship pointed her prow seaward and shot gracefully into the night.

Close by the sea-shore, yet nearly a mile before him, lay a bright New England village. Bright because white with paint and tidiness. The night was so clear and brilliant that he could even discern the church-spire as he marched along. The dwellings themselves were individualized; standing in families, in pairs, or singly, as though they partook of the taste and habits of the race whom they wrapped from the sea-coast storms in their stiff mantles of pine and hemlock.

It was nine o'clock; for the sound of the church-bell came cheerily over the fields and along the edge of the groves. As the stranger approached the village his step became more rapid but less strong; his chest heaved and fell with broad and unusual movement. Once he sat upon a bank of earth for a moment, pressing his face in his hands, smoothing his features with their broad palms; but when he resumed his walk there was no less nervous eagerness.

We have called him a stranger, and yet he is approaching his only home. He has been gone ten years, going out as master of a whaleship to the North Pacific. Four years away, and nearly ready to return, his ship was driven upon a little island, where only three of all the crew escaped a watery grave.

It was one of those islands rarely touched by any vessel; and hence they had been imprisoned during all these long years, subjects of savages, and oblivious of all the world beside.

When he went out he was betrothed to Millie Grey—Millie, who lived with her mother in the white cottage under the hill, where a creek winds round to moisten the meadow and make music with its little waterfall. Millie was sweet and trusting, beautiful with health and the glow of rustic labor.

It had been all confessed; and when he kissed the tears from her eyes on the morning of his departure he had said:

"Be true to me, Millie, and when I come back we will live together in our own house on the knoll there by the orchard, darling!"

And Millie had looked into his eyes through her tears and said:

"Be true to you! I should as soon think of dying as loving any other than you, William."

And then she had reached up high with her white fingers, and twined them in his heavy locks, bringing down his forehead to the level of her red lips, and planting a kiss there which had blossomed through the whole ten years.

But the ten years had made him dead. No delicacy of devotion could require of Millie Grey so long a waiting. So the strong man was nervous in his glancing as he passed familiar spots and entered the street.

"She may have died!" and he turned a little aside to search the church-yard, choosing rather to be told by the cold lips of marble than the stammering tongues of friends. There were many new stones and many new families of graves; but the Returned sought only a plat in the centre. When he went away there were two mounds, a long and a short one. Now there were three; but the headstone of the new had not been set.

William turns down a lane bordered by silver-oaks, under the shadow of which he had last walked with Millie ten years ago.

A light shines out from the window of the white cottage. "It is not deserted then." But the fever of fear and hope have almost unnerved the wrestler with winds and waters.

Over against her old home, in the edge of the orchard, is another and unfamiliar cottage. It is quite new, for the slant moonbeams glance from it as arrows from burnished shields. His heart sinks within him. "Perhaps it is her cottage." The flash of rushing blood reaches and fevers every part of his frame. Perspiration stands upon his forehead, and his teeth close upon his lips.

Sitting upon the grass a moment, he wipes the cold dew from his forehead and collects his strength and his courage. Then approaching the windows of her old home he glances in. She is not there. Two children, a boy and a girl, are sitting cozily by the fire, roasting chestnuts in the ashes and looking very happy. They were very little when he went away.

He has left the older cottage, and is creeping to the window of the new. Warily, tremblingly, he rises from stooping, and looks cautiously in. The room is bright with the flashing firelight and the presence by the work-stand. It is Millie. A cradle, tenanted, stands in the warm corner. In her arms—in *her* arms—lies a curly head, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, fast asleep. Millie is looking steadily, vacantly, into the fire. That face, so beautiful, so true to his long memory, thrills his whole being, and, in keenest distress at the loss of his most precious earthly possession, William forgets what he is doing, and stands close before the window, gazing in. Millie turns toward the window. "Good God! she has seen me!" and he starts to escape. She *has* seen him. The face—so haggard, so like the long dead—wrenches a piercing cry from her lips; and, man that he is, he can but turn back to her.

He enters the door. Millie shrinks, shuddering, to a corner of the room.

"Heavens! are you afraid of your old—your old friend? I am William. I won't hurt you. Let me go in peace."

Millie, trembling, afraid, and yet battling the inbred superstition of the times, meets him—or, rather, follows him, for he is shrinking away—and touching his shoulder, loses every fear, and falls in a flood of tears upon his breast.

Gently placing her in the chair by his side, William takes her hand in his, and says, gravely, "Millie, I don't blame you; you have done right; but I must go. Good-by. God bless you!"

"William, what have I done? Why do you talk so? Don't you love me? Haven't I loved you always, and kept myself for you, though I thought you were dead? Oh William! what have I done that makes you seem so strange?" And Millie, flitting from hope to fear, from joy to utter distress, calls in her pride and stands, very tremulous but very queenly, before him.

William glances at the little creature whom all this excitement has awakened, then at the cradle with its bud. But just then a matronly little woman coming in—

Well, it came out that the new cottage, the little tottler, and the bud in the cradle, all belonged to Millie's younger sister.

A few years after the "stranger" crept stealthily to the window of a similar cottage, and, peeping in again, saw Millie with her foot on the rocker of a cradle and a little one in her arms. This time he was right in thinking them her own.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 24, 1860.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it. Specimen Numbers of Harper's Magazine will also be sent gratuitously.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
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THE COURSE OF TRADE.

The best bankers' bills on London were sold last week in New York at 104, and good commercial bills, attached to the bills of lading of the goods which they represent, at 99 @ 100. In order that our non-commercial readers may understand the importance of this fact, it is necessary to explain that the par of exchange between New York and London is $108\frac{7}{8}$; that is to say, when bills on London are sold here at $108\frac{7}{8}$, exchange is at par, and it is to be inferred that neither country owes any thing to the other. As a general rule, the United States always owe something to England—our debt to China, India, South America, etc., being always settled by bills on London; and in consequence, exchange on London generally sells at 109 @ 110 in this market—that is to say, at $\frac{1}{8}$ @ 1 per cent. premium. For a short period, during the crisis of 1857, bankers' bills fell to 105 @ 106; with this exception, they have not been materially below par for a long series of years. Now, as we said, the rate for the best bankers' bills is nearly 5 per cent. discount, and commercial bills, secured by bills of lading, have been sold at over 9 per cent. discount.

The phenomenon is due to two causes. Our imports of foreign goods have been light—considerably below those of last year to the same date; our exports of domestic produce from this port very heavy—$28,000,000 in excess of those of the corresponding period of last year. The reduction in our imports has diminished the demand for, while the increase in our exports has swelled the supply of exchange. This has naturally had its effect upon the market.

But the immediate cause of the fall in bills has been the commercial panic which commenced a few days before the election, and which has been increased by the proceedings of the cotton States ever since. Capitalists have been and are unwilling to part with their money pending the present excitement. At a moment like the present, with threats of disunion ringing in our ears on one side, and menaces of coercion whispered ominously on the other, no man knows what a week may bring forth, and the wise men who have money decline to part with it. This produces what is called a panic. Its effect is of this kind. John Smith, who owns a cotton plantation in Georgia, has 1000 bales of cotton, worth $45,000. It will cost John Smith $2500 to move his cotton to market, $10,000 to pay certain notes which mature as the cotton ripens, and $15,000 more to pay his factor's advances: all this the factor at Savannah or Charleston is expected to pay on receipt of the cotton. As he has not so much money, he raises it by shipping the cotton, on receipt, either to his New York banker, or to the British agents of that banker, and draws instantly, at sight, for nearly the whole value of the cotton on the New York house. In ordinary times the New York house accepts, sells its own bills for the amount drawn for by the Southern factor, and makes a handsome profit on the operation. In times of panic it must either dishonor the bills drawn by the Southern factor, or sell its own at what they will fetch.

Thus far, the New York houses have generally accepted, and made the sacrifice that acceptance involved. How long they will continue to do so remains to be seen. When they refuse, shipments of cotton must cease. What effect this contingency—coupled with the derangement in the British money-market which must flow from the inevitable import of coin from England to New York—will have upon the price of our leading staples, the next few weeks will show. It is safe, at all events, to say that these are times in which no man should trust any thing to hazard. The country never was richer, or trade sounder than at present; but all this will not avail to prevent failures, if confidence be disturbed.

GOOD READING.

We had something to say last week about the literary feast that was in preparation for the readers of the *Weekly* and the *Monthly*. The topic will bear a few more remarks.

So far as fiction is concerned, we begin this week in the *Weekly* "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens, with McLenan's graphic illustrations; the *Monthly* will contain Mr. Thackeray's new novel, and a new serial by the Author of "Adam Bede," who stands at present in the very front rank of British novelists. No one can afford to miss any one of these three tales; if, after having read them, more stories are wanted, they will be found as usual, native and foreign, *Tros Tyriusve*, in the pages of the *Weekly* and *Monthly*.

As to history, the Harpers are publishing the history of the "United Netherlands," by J. Lothrop Motley, who, now that Prescott is dead, is undoubtedly the first living American historian. This work forms a sequel to his history of the Dutch Republic, and should be read by all who take an interest in the great people from whose loins the Knickerbockers sprung.

Then in travels, we have just had Burton's delightful book on the Lake Regions of Central Africa; and we shall have shortly, as soon as the political smoke clears away, Du Chaillu's equally fascinating work on Western Equatorial Africa, the unexplored home of the gorilla. Simultaneously with these may be expected Atkinson's valuable work on the Amoor River, a book to which the war in China will probably impart peculiar importance. And, apropos of the negro question, Sewell's "Ordeal of Free Labor in the West Indies" will furnish texts for both pro and anti slavery orators.

Here is something to make the winter pass pleasantly, and to console us for the bitterness of political controversies.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS.

Our French friends of the Paris *Illustration* have been publishing portraits of our Presidential candidates, with biographical sketches. They are not only entertaining, but instructive. Thus we are told that Hon. Abram Lincoln was born "at Haulin, where his family are still highly respected;" that, "having directed his attention toward industry, he is consequently known as *the flatboatman;*" that he offered his services "during the war of the Black-Hawk-Mar;" and was subsequently elected "to the legislation of State." Our friend the Hon. "Jonh Bell" was born, we learn, "at Harlw," went to a university at the same inscrutable place, then to a college at Cumberland; established himself as a lawyer "at Franklin-Will;" allowed himself to be run for Congress, with the support of "General Jakson;" as Senator, he pursued a commendable course in reference to Pacific Railroads, but opposed the "Constitution Lecomplais:" he now resides "at Hoshiville," where he has "many daughters, all well-educated." The Hon. Stephen Douglas was born "in Illinois," and is dismissed in a paragraph. Of the remaining candidate, Mr. "John C. Brekenridge," we are simply told that his father had occupied a high political position (this will be news to Dr. Breckinridge), and that the son entered the United States Senate "when very young."

It is really delightful to see how well they understand us, and how thoroughly acquainted they are with us and our people—over there in Paris.

THE HUT ON THE VACANT LOT.

We live in a hut on a vacant lot,
  Father, and mother, and I;
'Tis away up town, and a dreary spot,
  With old stone quarries hard by.
Father is lazy, and mother she drinks,
  And I am ragged and thin,
And I look like a thief, for 'tis hard to be pure
  When circled around with sin.
'Tis a desperate place, this vacant lot,
  A region of famine and woe;
The laborers found a strangled child
  In the quarries not long ago.
And father is sometimes out all day,
  And comes staggering home at night
With money and things that he hides away,
  For he never came by them right.

Mother is always at me to steal,
  And urges her plea with a curse;
She tells me to sneak through the city crowds,
  And pocket a watch or a purse;
And father beats me because I say
  That I'd rather any day die;
I never have robbed, and I never will rob,
  And I'll tell you the reason why.

There came to our hovel three years ago
  A man with a sweet mild face,
And he held a holy book in his hand,
  That he tried to read in our place.
But mother she swore at the mild-faced man,
  And drove him out of our den,
And told him never as long as he lived
  To darken her door again.

But something made me follow the man,
  I think he beckoned to me,
And he led me down to a quarry's cleft
  Where none of my people could see;
And he read to me things from the holy book
  That I never had heard before,
And somehow a peace came over my heart,
  And it didn't feel half so sore.

They may curse and beat me as much as they like,
  I know what they don't know;
I know that things in the end come right
  For those that suffer below.
No matter how ragged and hungry I am,
  With no one to like or to love,
I know there's a vacant lot for me
  In the beautiful land above.

THE LOUNGER.

OLD MASTERS.

Lies are perpetually bringing the truth into discredit. How shall we know him when we see him? We have been invited so many times into Wall Street and Broad Street to great auction sales of the old masters, and the old masters were in such abundance, and the old masters, if these were really they, were such botchers, and bunglers, and daubers, that we are tired to death of the old masters, and hate the old masters, and don't believe they are old masters at all.

Then what a secret anxiety every private collector has about these same gentry! There is not a Titian, a Raphael, a Vandyck in the country that is not undoubted. "Oh, yes; documents, you know; and all the men who understand that kind of thing, you know, are entirely unanimous. Not the slightest doubt, you know: oh, not the slightest. What stunners those old chaps were, hey?"

And you feel in your inmost soul that the man doesn't believe that you believe in his old masters, and broods over it, and broods until he becomes savage and melancholy, and finally carts them all down to Leeds, who sells old masters at ten dollars a square yard.

For all that, Sir, there are old masters. Giotto was an old master; so was Cimabue; so were Fra Lippo Lippi, and Andrea Orcagna, and the Gaddis, and Fra Angelico, and Masaccio, and Penturicchio, and Signorelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Lionardo da Vinci, Giorgione, and Raphael. These were all old masters. These are the men whose works make half the interest of Italy, and illustrate most of the other half. They have written the spiritual history of the country upon all its church and convent walls; in baptisteries, and cupolas, and cemeteries; in galleries, palaces, and private houses, from the dawn of modern times down to two centuries ago. There have been no "young" masters to rival their fame or their genius. They made Christian art, or Christian art made them; or, more truly, the spirit of Christianity controlling the national mind inspired the great historic epoch known as Italian Christian art.

And of all art this is the most interesting. It is cognate to our sympathies. We are children of the same spirit. Greek art survives to us in sculpture, Christian art, more humane and spiritual, expresses itself in painting. Then it has, accidentally, all the charm of association. Titian is Venice: Raphael is Florence: Michel Angelo is Rome. Whoever brings the old masters to us, carries us nearer to Italy and to the early days of Christian history, opening a gallery of such enjoyment as we have not yet had.

Mr. Jarves has done this. He has lived several years in Italy, and, peculiarly favored, has been collecting pictures upon a principle. The principle is, historic sequence. The intention is to show by illustration the progressive development of the greatest, and, in one sense, the only school of painting in the world. For that purpose, in the highways and byways of Italy, he has been procuring specimens of all the "old masters" already named, and of many more. It is the first effort to found a historical gallery of art in America; for it begins with the Byzantine works of the 12th and 13th centuries, in "encaustic" and "tempera" (names of methods taken from materials), and descends regularly to Domenichino and Guido, the masters of the Bolognese or last illustrious Italian school.

And the pictures are beyond question genuine. They carry a kind of intrinsic proof of themselves, and they are certified by circumstances and by the most learned men in pictures. And their interest is profound to every body who cares about the subject at all. Mr. Jarves does not claim that the works are the best specimens of the various masters, but that they are characteristic. He has collected the nucleus of a complete gallery. As finer pictures of any master or period are received, they may be introduced in their places; but the collection as it is offers the place; so that with Kugler, or Mr. Jarves's own "Art-Studies," now in press, and of especial reference to these works, the student can familiarize himself with the history of Italian art, with its progressive illustration of Christian story and dogma, and with the peculiar merits of the most famous old masters. Hitherto this was impossible. We have had good pictures and interesting galleries, but they were miscellaneous and incoherent. The Bryan Gallery is rich in old German works, as well as others; but this is consecutive and exclusive in its Italian character.

Of course for such pictures there is always a loud call and a ready sale in Europe. But Mr. Jarves hopes that the interest in art in this country has sufficiently grown to justify his expectation that this Gallery will be retained in New York. If not, the pictures will cross the sea again and be sold. We are all interested that this should not happen, but that the collection should remain, and become the germ of a comprehensive metropolitan Gallery. Perhaps it is impossible that we should ever have in America the greatest pictures of the greatest old masters; but certainly we may have great and representative specimens of every country and time, so that we may see and study all that the art has achieved. For instance, you may see in Venice larger and more famous pictures of Giorgione's, but you can nowhere see any work of his more luminous and gorgeous than one which Mr. Jarves has obtained.

This collection is placed in two of the new rooms of the Dusseldorf Gallery, where it may be seen with that. Its presence here is an era. Giotto and Cimabue, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Taddeo Gaddi in New York! Shall we be less hospitable than Italy? Shall we entertain these illustrious guests unawares?

TIME'S CHANGES.

Whoever remembers certain historic events at Boulogne and Strasbourg, must smile to see England and Russia each trying to secure the friendship, and Austria hoping to avoid the enmity of the hero of those towns. It is the same Louis Napoleon but he has taken the tide at the flood since those days, and has long since sailed into the port to which he was then blindly feeling. Every man knows that he is to-day the arbiter of Europe, so far as any man can be. But the movement is one of nations and sentiments, and any man, even Louis himself, if he seriously oppose it, will be swept away.

Why, then, did his Admiral invite the Sardinian Admiral to cease firing at Gaeta?

Probably to prevent the capture or personal injury of the foolish young Bomba. The Italian question should be settled with as little difficult complication as possible. But suppose Bombalino were taken prisoner, inevitably a kind of sympathy is aroused for him, and his captors would have drawn an elephant. What could they do with him? If his government is so atrocious that the people rise and destroy it, when they had captured him they could not consistently let him go. What, then, should they do? They would not wish to take the extreme step of England with Charles First and France with Louis Sixteenth, even upon no higher ground than policy. They couldn't put him in prison comfortably to themselves, for he would be the nucleus of festering disturbance in the State. If they exiled him, they give him a certain prestige of misfortune. Let him, then, exile himself. Let him run away like a thief in the night. Let him fly before the hatred of his people and the contempt of the world.

Why may not such considerations explain Louis Napoleon's action? Of course he wishes no unnecessary complication. He is reconstructing the monarchical system in Europe. Elected by the people, he wishes to see other kings resting upon the same right.

Does it ever occur to the Emperor of France that people can only elect a man and not a dynasty? We can not vote for our descendants. If we could, the acceptance of the Bourbons by the ancestors of the French of to-day would illegitimate Louis Napoleon as monarch. Our agreement to have one man for our king to-day can not bind our unborn children to have an unborn man for their king when we of to-day are all gone. If L. N. reigns by the will of the people, his son must have the same title.

Do you suppose he thinks of these things as he plays horse in the garden with the little Prince? Do you suppose any man in Europe knows it more fully than he?

A STORY OF TWO GIANTS.

If a poor man should put up a shanty in the Park, because he could not possibly pay any ground-rent, would he be ejected, do you think, or permitted to remain? Would he be considered a miserable squatter, a vagabond, a lawless savage, and sent about his business with a kick and a curse? Undoubtedly he would; and the newspapers would make as much sport of him as they did of Branch.

Well, now, suppose a millionaire puts up a pier upon the city property along the river, because he chooses not to pay any rent, do you see any difference between the performance of the poor man in the Park and the rich man upon the water—except that one can not pay and the other can? What do you call appropriating what doesn't belong to you, and what you know doesn't belong to you? Is there any moral difference between taking the property of several thousand people and the property of one man?

Once upon a time there were two great big giants, and they said, "Pooh! pooh!" They came to a great city, and began to eat it up. The people looked aghast, but the giants said, "Pooh! pooh!" So they ate the great steamboat routes, and smacked their chaps. Then they ate the little steamboat routes, and the ferry rights, far and near, and waxed very fat, and cried, "Pooh! pooh!" Then one of the giants went and ate up a poor little country in Central America, with plenty of red gravy from men's veins; and he smiled pleasantly. Then the other of the giants went and tried to eat up a whole government; but after he had swallowed a great piece of Legislature, something stuck in his throat, so that he couldn't swallow any more; and he coughed and coughed, and behold! a Governor that was too tough for the giant. So he grinned terribly, and cried, "Pooh! pooh!" Thus having made all ready, the two great big giants began to consume the city. One bit off one end of the Battery, and the other bit off the other end; and when they had eaten that, they were going to eat up all the streets. Their jaws clapped and crashed together, and the giants cried, "Pooh! pooh!" But one day the people suddenly answered their "pooh! pooh!" and cried, "Haw! Haw!" or perhaps it was "Haws! Haws!" Probably it was, because there were so many people who cried the same thing. And then the great big giants looked at the people, and said, defiantly, "Pooh! pooh!" But the people said to them, "What have you ever done for us but make money out of us? What do we owe to you, that you should take what belongs to us without paying us for it? How have you ever excited our gratitude, our admiration, or our love, that you should presume upon our consent to your pocketing our precious possessions? What, in Heaven's name, are you but two great, big, voracious, insatiable giants?"

Then the two giants could only answer, "Pooh! pooh!" But the people took it up, and replied, "Pooh! pooh!" so terribly, that the two giants shrunk, and withered, and disappeared. And over the grave of one was written, "Pooh!" and over that of the other, "Pooh!" And all good, dear little children had better be so poor that they would like to build shanties in the Park to live in, rather than be nothing but great big giants who only eat up railroads, and ferries, and streets, and who, when they are gone, have only "Pooh! pooh!" for an epitaph.

A GIFT.

The "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," of which Keats sings, is but the decorated antechamber to the most genial and gracious season of the year—the time of Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year. And these are all festivals of the heart. They are consecrated to sympathy, gratitude, and affection, and therefore they are especially the season of gifts. For a gift is symbolically a piece of my heart given to my friend. When a lover adorns his mistress with diamonds, it is not carbon he gives her, but affection in a costly and splendid type. And thus we all feel that it is not the thing given, but the feeling it expresses, which is the value of a gift. The cup of cold water which Philip Sidney took from his parched lips and handed to the dying soldier is the most precious gift in history.

But it is a pleasant thing when both are combined, and the beauty of the gift shows the feeling of the giver. And for just this purpose Dr. Palmer has made his book of "Folk-Songs." The title is translated from the expressive German *Volkslied*, which means literally a folk-song—a people's song—not a song for the *dilettanti*, for any particular class or sympathy, but a song of the universal heart—a song of passions and emotions which the human heart every where instinctively comprehends. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is of that kind. Browning's "How they Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent," Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," Kingsley's "Mary, Go and Call the Cattle Home," Whittier's "Maud Muller," Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," are all of that kind.

Now Dr. Palmer has for several years been thoughtfully selecting and arranging more than two hundred such poems, the most exquisite in the language. He has consulted personally with our own poets and the friends of the English poets. They have helped him in every way they could, and especially by contributing autograph copies of some of their most popular verses. These have been carefully engraved, and are a most delightful and unique ornament of the work. Besides this, our best artists, Kensett, Eastman Johnson, McLenan, M'Donough, Church, Parsons, Boughton, Darley, Hoppin, and others, have drawn sixty designs, and Houghton's Riverside press, at Cambridge, has done its share, in printing, so that the book is the most unique and exquisite and valuable gift-book ever produced in this country. The preface of the compiler of the work—the least of whose labors has been the selection and authentication of the poems—is expressed with a dainty delicacy becoming the successful achievement of his purpose. He is a man of too much taste not to know and enjoy the lovely result of his long labor; and public opinion will confirm the verdict of his honest and natural pride in calling his "Folk-Songs" a perfect gift-book.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—Was not the mishap of the Prince's Ball at the Academy of Music a providential hint that, in this country of freedom and of democracy, any thing like aristocracy and privilege can only rest on a very artificial stand, and *that* of such slender nature as to give way under foot at the slightest movement?

"One of the People."

Yes, it seems really so. But *one of the people*, like all the people, must not forget that democracy is in the spirit, not in the form. If the best man in the city could be found, he would be the best governor, and, if we were wise, we should make him perpetual and absolute dictator. The democratic *system* is merely an effort to find that best man, and a confession that, since we can never tell whether we have found him or not, we must keep trying.

"The good 'tis true, are Heaven's peculiar care,
But who, but Heaven, shall tell us who they are?"

The final argument for the democratic system is, that permanent power is proved to be too intoxicating; and that, in the evident inability to find the really best man for ruler, all the people must ask themselves what man they prefer.

The despotic rule of ten men or ten thousand or ten million is quite as bad as the despotism of one. It is worse, as a giant with a hundred hands is more formidable than the ordinary two-fisted kind. There is no safety in systems, but only in people. And therefore it is that, if you can be sure of the heart and conscience of a man or a people, it makes little difference what the form of the government may be. If Washington had been king, he would doubtless have governed us as well as he did under the name of President. But he had the wisdom to see that the chances were always against any individual arbitrarily selected, as a good ruler. Cromwell may be a natural king. But Richard Cromwell?

The superiority of the democratic system is based upon the calculation of chances. So you see the most any government can do is to protect the utmost liberty of the individual which does not interfere with the equal liberty of any other. If Louis Napoleon does that, he does all that the American system can do. If the American system fails to do that, it is just so far despotic.

A great step is taken when no *rank* is recognized in society. Now we have gained so much as this that the laws do not recognize rank as they do in other countries. But "one of the people" can hardly walk through New York with his eyes and ears open without discovering that the *feeling* of rank prevails. It will never get further. The world may talk, but it will never turn round and go backward.

The Prince and his friends, and probably his friends more than the Prince, saw that our system is reciprocal in its effects, that is, it constantly educates the people so that they are better prepared to use it. It appeals less to force than to a common sympathy. So it is throughout. Mr Yancey was so far right when he said that the Union is dissolved the moment you try to coerce. It is so; for the Union coheres, and can cohere, only by mutual consent; and that consent will last so long as the general interest is promoted; and the general interest will be promoted so long as the people are more and more just as well as more and more intelligent. If every "one of the people" will look to himself, the system of the government will take care of itself, and all false aristocracy and all arbitrary privilege will go where last year's fogs have gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

When Victor first began to reign
Without the Tyrants' leaves,
He much alarmed three mighty men,
And two of them were thieves:
The first he was a Russian;
The next he was a Prussian;
And the third he was a little Kai-ser:
Three Despots altogether.

The Russian chafed with scorn;
The Prussian spun a yarn;
And the little Kai-ser waxed red with wrath,
And all three Sovereigns warm.
The Russian was choked with self-will;
The Prussian made swallow his yarn;
And the Rebels did away with the little Kai-ser,
With his Charter under his arm.

THE DAWN OF REPENTANCE.

Late nights have but one end, and that end, sooner or later, is—mourning!—*The President of the Early-Closing-your-Eyes Association.*

The Type of a Citizen.—*Bourgeois.*
The Type of a Schoolmaster.—Primer.
The Type of a Baby.—Small Caps.

Wanted.—A Crinoline Fire Insurance Company, to protect ladies, who can not stand fire without losing their lives any more than the Neapolitan troops can.

ARROGANT AXIOM. BY A RICH MAN.

Poverty has no right to have any pride. The man who is excessively thin-skinned should take better care not to be out-at-elbows!

It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to learn that exceedingly short waists were in fashion in the time of Henry IV.; and that it was thought nice to have them small as well as short may be inferred from an old love-song we have recently unearthed, and which, in the sentimental language of the time, commences thus:

"My Love shee hath a red, red nose,
Uponne a white, white face:
Ye reason is, soe men suppose,
Shee doth too tightlie lace."

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the razor-strop man is sure to get floored in the long-run. Recently, while selling his strops at Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum-drinking, a tipsy fellow cried out, "If drinking rum made me lie as fast as you do selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day."—"Very good," replied the strop-seller; "the only difference between your lying and mine is this—my strops enable me to *lie* in a good warm bed, while rum makes you *lie* in the gutter."

Every man must of necessity have a master, and so you had better be your own.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

To Daniel Purcell, the eminent musical composer and notorious punster, the following puns are attributed by the high authority of Joe Miller: "Dr. Sewell, and two or three more gentlemen, walking toward Hampstead on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily answered him, '*To make hay.*'—'Very well,' replied the other, 'you'll be there at a very convenient season, the country wants *rakes*.' The same gentleman calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained that they were too *short*. The drawer said they had no other, and those were *but just come in*. 'Ay,' said Daniel, 'I see your master has not bought them very *long*.' The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company to make a pun extempore. 'Upon what subject?' said Daniel.—'The *King*,' answered the other.—'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'the *King* is no *subject*.'"

Thousands who dread to have the word "death" in their mouths are continually taking the means of death into these thirsty orifices.

WHAT TURNS THE HAIR GRAY.

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had lost all dreams of its spring, said to Douglas Jerrold,

"I can not imagine what makes my hair turn so gray; I sometimes fancy it is the essence of rosemary with which my maid brushes it. What do you think?"

"I should rather be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of time!"

A young apprentice to the shoe-making business asked his master what answer he should give to the often-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?"—"Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good; and, if they don't, I'll make them good for nothing."

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

Women who sue for breach of promise may fail to get money, but they generally receive heavy damages.

There was an old farmer who kept a large poultry-yard, and had one hen who, not content with her proper sphere of action, was continually endeavoring to crow. At last, after repeated attempts, she succeeded in making something like a crow. The farmer was taking his breakfast at the time, and hearing the noise rose and went out, and discovered the author of the curious attempt. He soon returned, bearing in his hand the crowing hen, minus her head. "There," said he, "I'm willing hens should do most any thing, but I ain't willing they should crow. Cooks may crow as much as they please, but hens shall not; it's setting a bad example."

A man excuses himself for marrying by saying that his friends said he drank too much for a single man.

Boasting is sometimes out of place. We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor, as was his father before him.

A gentleman, who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most promising men of his acquaintance.

"Sam," said a late minister of Drumblade to his man-of-all-work, "you must bottle the cask of whisky this forenoon; but as the vapor from the whisky may be injurious, take a glass of it before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. "Oh, Sam!" said the minister, "you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequence. Rise, Sam, and take a glass yet; it may restore you." Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and having emptied it, said, "Oh, Sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've ta'en, bit I'm nae better."

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worth*less*.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh, dear!" says Smith, "how you made my head ring!"—"That's a sign it's *hollow*," says Brown.—"Didn't yours ring?" says Smith.—"No," says Brown.—"That's a sign it's *cracked*," replied his friend.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper: "Made their escape, a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands and face unwashed at breakfast."

A farmer who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a flitch of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "I hanna' yet made up my mind whether I shall kill myself this year or take a side of my father."

"Could you," said a young lady teacher, "after what I have been reading you, forgive your enemy? That is, could you forgive another boy if he struck you?"

"Why, yes," said the little rustic, doubling his fists, "if he was a good deal bigger than me."

INTERESTING QUERY.

Intelligent Juvenile. "Ma, do we cut our second teeth altogether or one by one?"

Ma. "One by one; they come gradually, dear. I like you to ask questions for information. But why do you ask?"

Intelligent Juvenile. "Because, on last Sunday you had not a tooth in your head, and next day you had a full set of fine teeth; how was that—did you cut 'em all at once?"

Ma does not answer, but gives the intelligent child some pence, and tells him not to ask such foolish questions again.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract *with his mark*.

"Have you any traveling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am; we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

"Make you a coat, Sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Oh, yes, Sir, with the greatest pleasure." "There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that board, while I take your measure." Customer reads the board: "Terms cash."

A school-boy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant six-pence. "Six-pence!" echoed the schoolmaster; "what sort of a definition do you call that?" "I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so on the bill at the show in the fair." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

Ain't it curious, Squire, weddin' is never out of women's heads? They never think of nothin' else. A young gal is always thinkin' of her own. As soon as she is married she is match-makin' for her companion; and when she is a grain older her darter's weddin' is uppermost ag'in. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman! How cunning they are! Ask a young gal the news, she'll tell you of all the deaths in the place, to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriage. Ask an old woman, she will tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she's takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They certainly do beat all, do women.

Curious.—A census-taker found a woman who gave her own age as twenty-eight years, and that of her oldest son as twenty-three!

Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

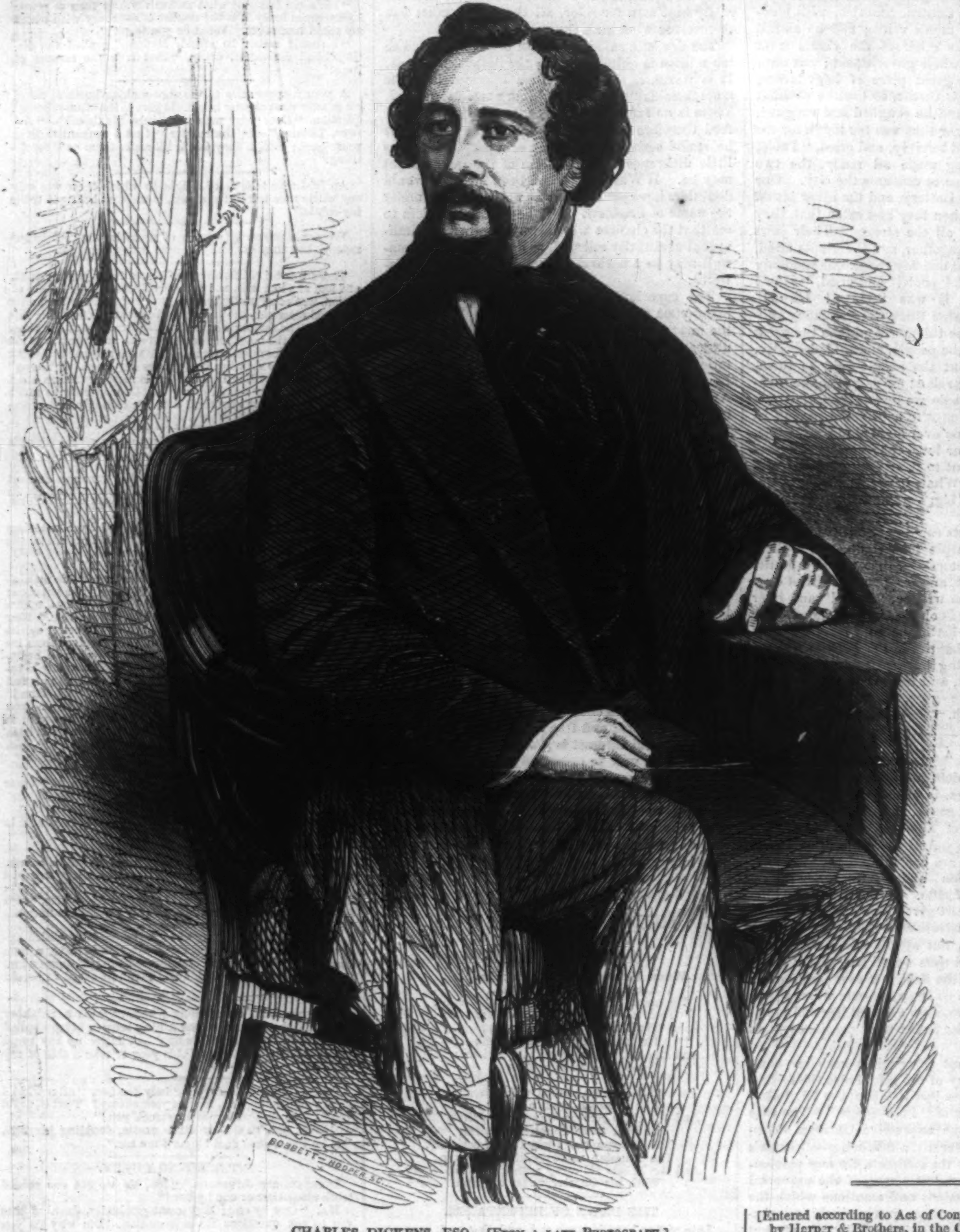
The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

A man died of apoplexy the other day. The next day the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation of one beef-steak, eight cold potatoes, and fried sausages."

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic Sea is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

A young gentleman, who had just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.


BOBBETT—HOOPER SC.

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

CHARLES DICKENS.

WE accompany the first part of Mr. Dickens's new novel, "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," with a Portrait of the author, taken from a very recent photograph. Those who remember him during his visit to this country will notice the change which has taken place since then in his outward man.

Mr. Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, on 7th February, 1812. His father was for many years a Paymaster in the British Navy; on his retirement he became a reporter on the London press, and it was through him that Mr. Dickens first connected himself with journalism. His father's idea was that he should be an attorney; but a few months' work in a London office satisfied any longings he may have had for distinction in that profession. Abandoning the law, he became a reporter on the *Sun*, and afterward on the *Morning Chronicle;* studied short-hand assiduously, and for some years had had his seat in the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

It was during his arduous apprenticeship to the work of a Parliamentary reporter that he wrote his first sketch of life, under the pseudonyme of Boz. It pleased, and was followed by others, which attracted so much attention by their keen humor, pathos, and remarkable discernment of character, that their author was offered a handsome sum by Mr. Hall, of Chapman & Hall, to write them a series of sketches, to be published with illustrations, in monthly parts. This was the origin of the famous "Pickwick Papers," the first number of which was published in 1835. Their success was almost unprecedented. When the first number appeared Mr. Dickens was unknown; when the work was completed he was the most popular writer in England; and Pickwick, Bardell, and the Wellers were familiar to every body. No writer of modern times has jumped as suddenly to fame as Mr. Dickens.

In 1837 "Oliver Twist" followed, and was eagerly welcomed on both sides the Atlantic; and in 1839 "Nicholas Nickleby" fully maintained the reputation of its author. "Master Humphrey's Clock," which followed in 1840 and 1841, was not, perhaps, as widely popular, though many consider little Nell the most graceful and perfect of Mr. Dickens's creations.

In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and was received with an enthusiasm which the appearance of "American Notes" had a tendency to dampen. On his return home he published the first and sweetest of his Christmas stories—"A Christmas Carol," and "Martin Chuzzlewit"—a work of infinite power, and full of his peculiar humor, but marred by the faults which were so conspicuous in his previous work on America.

In 1846 Mr. Dickens appeared before the public as the editor of a daily newspaper—the *Daily News*—which was intended to inaugurate a new era in London journalism. He had previously filled, for a few months, the office of editor of *Bentley's Miscellany;* but this was his first experiment in political journalism. It is no discredit to him that it was not a success. His peculiar powers are very different from, perhaps superior to, those required of the editor of a daily paper. After a few months of severe labor he resigned his post, and reinstated himself in public favor by the publication of those most charming of tales, "Dombey & Son" and "David Copperfield."

In 1850 he established, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, a new paper, under the title of *Household Words*, and published in its pages, successively, his "Child's History of England" and "Hard Times." It attained a very wide popularity, and became, as its founder intended, a household favorite throughout England. Mr. Dickens did not publish in its columns, however, "Bleak House" or "Little Dorrit," both of which appeared in monthly parts.

In 1859, owing to a difference between Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, *Household Words* was discontinued, and Mr. Dickens established a new periodical, *All the Year Round*, in which he gave to the world his last serial, "A Tale of Two Cities." By a special arrangement with Mr. Dickens, the proof-sheets of *All the Year Round* are dispatched to the publishers of *Harper's Weekly* some time before they are published in England, and thus the readers of this journal enjoy the benefit of every thing that appears in Mr. Dickens's periodical a fortnight or more before the regular copies reach this country. The new novel, "Great Expectations," has, we are told, aroused great expectation on the other side. Our subscribers will have the advantage of reading it by the light of Mr. McLenan's admirable illustrations.

Mr. Dickens has written so much and so well that the severest ordeal any thing new that he writes has to undergo is the comparison with what he has written before. His published stories are so popular that people will hardly admit that they can be equaled; the admirers of Dombey and Copperfield were quite jealous of Little Dorrit, and affected to speak lightly of Doctor Manette. It is not uncommon to hear people say that he has written himself out. It may be remarked, however, that while the contemporaries of the Pickwick Papers deny that he has ever surpassed that work, there are numerous critics who consider "Oliver Twist" his master-piece, others who prefer "Nickleby," some who pronounce in favor of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and others in favor of "Dombey & Son;" while, judging from the sales of the published volumes, "Little Dorrit" has the best claim to preeminence; and from the actual number of readers, the "Tale of Two Cities" would probably hold the first rank. In a word, there is not the least reason for supposing that in any of the qualities which have raised Mr. Dickens to his present fame—humor, descriptive power, analytical perception of character, charm of style, fancy, pathos, or dramatic ability — there has been any decay since Boz first came before the public. We have no doubt that "Great Expectations" will have as many admirers as any of its predecessors, and that a new generation of readers will decide, when it is ended, that the Great Novelist has at last written his great work—leaving it to their children, or, at all events, to their successors in the reading world, to discover that, after all, the real master-piece was yet to come, and that a genius like that of Dickens is inexhaustible.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*also Georgiana wife of the above,*" I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine—who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trowsers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first distinct impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw, damp afternoon toward evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the church-yard; and that Tobias Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, George, and Robert, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark, flat wilderness beyond the church-yard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church-porch. "Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Don't cut my throat, Sir!" I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, Sir!"

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, Sir."

"Once more," said the man. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, Sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside-down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog!" said the man, licking his lips at me, "what fat cheeks you ha' got!"

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Damned if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to 't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it, partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookie here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, Sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, Sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oho!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, Sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, Sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, Sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookie here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, Sir."

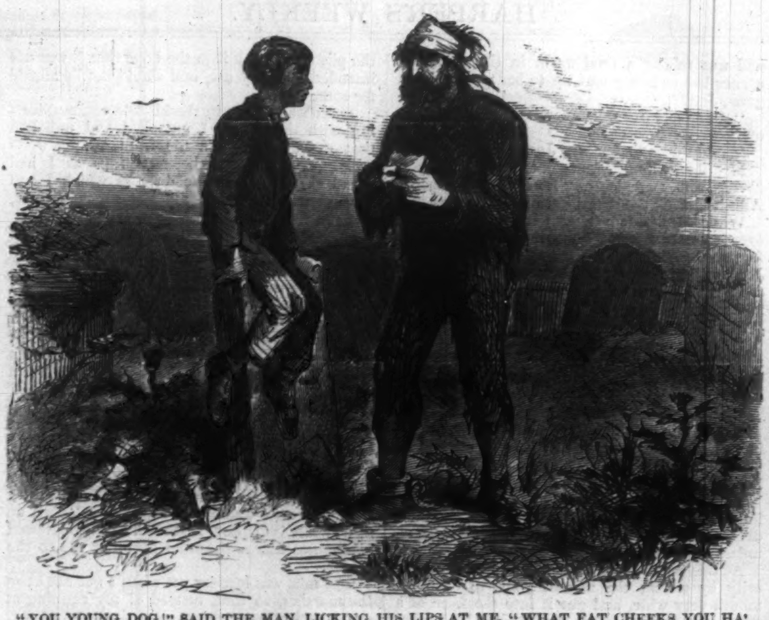
"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, Sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If



"YOU YOUNG DOG!" SAID THE MAN, LICKING HIS LIPS AT ME, "WHAT FAT CHEEKS YOU HA' GOT!"

you would kindly please to let me keep upright, Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file, and them wittles. You bring the lot to me at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your haven't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small the partickler, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel o' light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin' that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good-night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines, and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly slimy thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on toward this latter, as if he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER II.

MY sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impregnable bit in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason now why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were — most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the bars with the poker: "she ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the ack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to further investigation. She concluded by showing me. I often served her as a connubial missile at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me there with his great legs.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

"Church-yard!" repeated my sister. "If it warn't for me you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I.

"And why did I do it, I should like to know!" exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"*I* don't!" said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother."

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the victuals, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

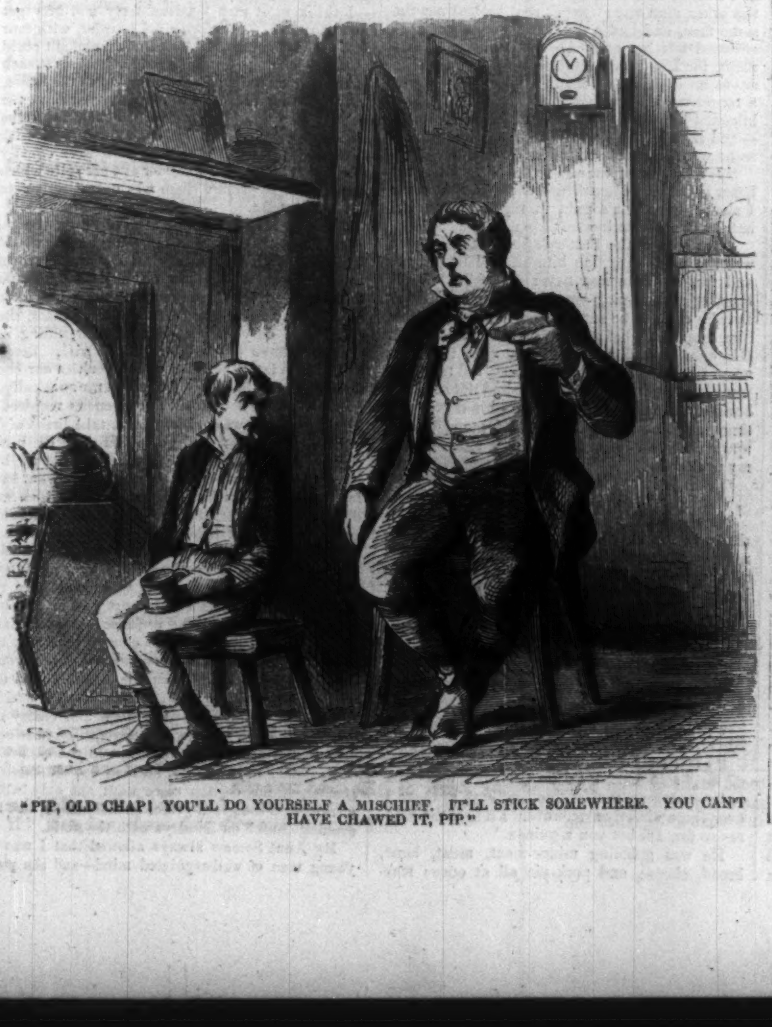
"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. "Church-yard, indeed! You may well say church-yard, you two." One of us, by-the-by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive *me* to the church-yard betwixt you one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me!"

As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

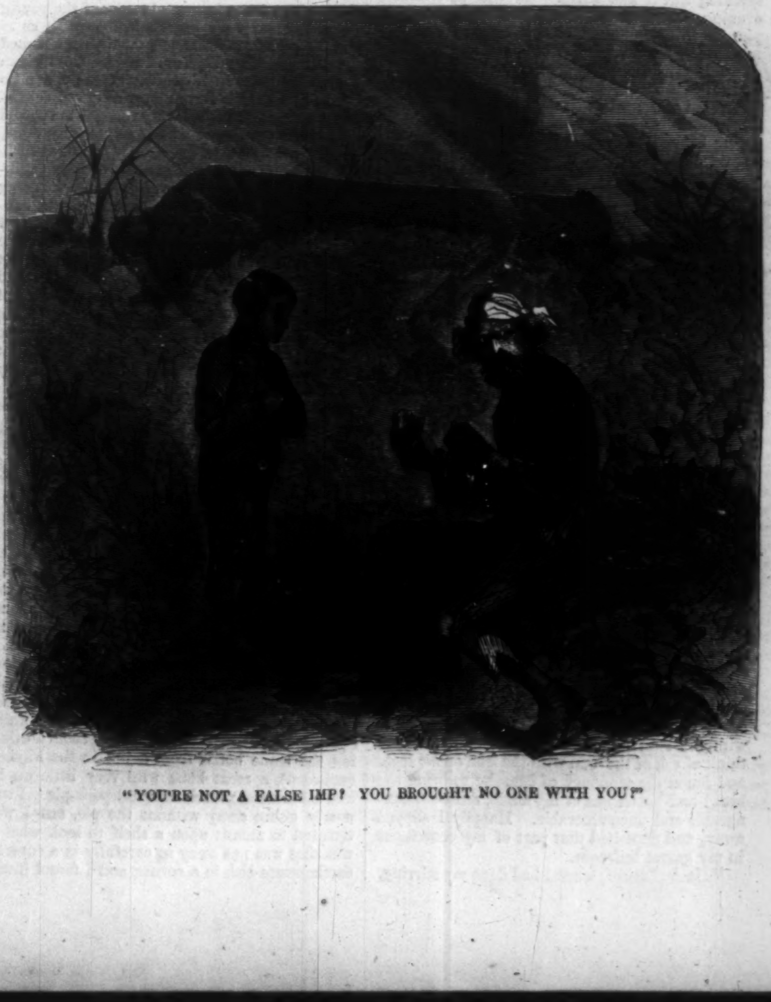
My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she held the loaf, hard and fast, against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterward got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous researches in the dead of night might find nothing available in the safe, therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trowsers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our above-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship



"PIP, OLD CHAP! YOU'LL DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF. IT'LL STICK SOMEWHERE. YOU CAN'T HAVE CHAWED IT, PIP."



"YOU'RE NOT A FALSE IMP? YOU BROUGHT NO ONE WITH YOU?"

with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which in general led us to new exertions. To-night Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me each time with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked aside, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and took a thoughtful semicircular bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He rolled it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know!" muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrances, "Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip."

"What's the matter *now?*" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all aghast. "Manners is manners, but still your elth's your elth."

By this time my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him: while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps, you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great stuck pig."

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless bite and looked at me again.

"You know, Pip," said Joe, solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek, and speaking in a confidential tone, as if we were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you any time. But such a"—he moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a hon-common Bolt as that!"

"Been bolting his food, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek. I Bolted, myself, when I was your age—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Bolters; but I never see your equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't choked dead."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and be dosed."

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its horrible nastiness. At the best of times so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm as a boot would be held in a boot-jack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to take that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly biting and meditating before the fire), "because he had had a turn." Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had one afterward, if he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses man or boy; but when, in the case of a boy, that secret burden co-operates with another secret burden down the leg of his trowsers, it is (as I can testify) a great punishment. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand on the bread-and-butter as I sat, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the March winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the fierce voice outside of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until to-morrow, but must be fed now. At other times, I thought, What if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruing his hands in me, should either yield to his constitutional impatience, or should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and liver to-night, instead of to-morrow! If ever any body's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, nobody's ever did?

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the load upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the iron on *his* leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite unmanageable and unconquerable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney-corner before being sent up to bed; "was that guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There's another conwict off."

"What does that mean, Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, "Escaped. Escaped." Administering the definition like Tar-water.

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needle-work, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?" Joe put *his* mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Pip."

"There was one off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after sunset-gun. And they fired warning of him. And now, it appears, they're firing warning of another."

"*Who's* firing?" said I.

"Drat that child," interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "what a questioner he is. Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

It was not very polite to herself, I thought, to imply that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

At this point Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and put it into the form of a word that looked to me like "sulks." Therefore I naturally pointed to Mrs. Joe, and put my mouth into the form of saying "her?" But Joe wouldn't hear of that at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

"Mrs. Joe," said I, as a last resource, "I should like to know—if you wouldn't much mind—where the firing comes from?"

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary. "From the Hulks."

"Oh-oh!" said I, looking at Joe. "Hulks!"

Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say, "Well, I told you so."

"And please what's Hulks?" said I.

"That's the way with this boy!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head. "Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right 'cross th' meshes. We always used that name for marshes, in our country."

"I wonder who's put into prison-ships, and why they're put there?" said I, in a general way, and with desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. "I tell you what, young man," said she, "I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and do all sorts of bad; and they a'most always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed!"

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went up stairs in the dark, with my head tingling from Mrs. Joe's thimble, having played the tambourine upon it to accompany her last words, I felt fearfully sensible of the great convenience that the Hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what secrecy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror. I was in mortal terror of the young man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the ironed leg; I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted; I had no hope of deliverance through my all-powerful sister, who repulsed me at every turn; I am afraid to think, even now, of what I might have done, upon requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring tide to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate calling out to me through a speaking trumpet, as I passed the gibbet-station, that I had better come ashore, and be hanged there at once, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and have made a noise like the very pirate himself rattling his chains.

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with gray, I got up and went down stairs: every board upon the way, and every crack in every board, calling after me "Stop thief!" and "Get up, Mrs. Joe!" In the pantry, which was far more abundantly supplied than usual, owing to the season, I was very much alarmed by a hare hanging up by the heels, whom I rather thought I caught, when my back was half turned, waking. I had no time for verification, no time for selection, no time for any thing, for I had no time to spare. I stole some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mince-meat (which I tied up in my pocket-handkerchief with my last night's slice), some brandy from a stone bottle (which I decanted into a glass bottle I had secretly used for making that intoxicating fluid, Spanish-liquorice-water, up in my room: diluting the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard), a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round, compact pork-pie. I was nearly going away without the pie, but I was tempted to mount upon a shelf to look what it was that was put away so carefully in a covered earthenware dish in a corner, and I found it was the pie, and I took it in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate wet lay clammy; and the marsh mist was so thick that the wooden finger on the post, directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that, instead of my running at every thing, every thing seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a quiet mind. The gates and dikes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with a pork-pie! Stop him!" The black cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and smoking out of their nostrils, "Halloa, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air—fixed me so steadily with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I called out to him, "I couldn't help it! It wasn't for myself I took it!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind leg and a flourish of his tail.

All this time I was getting on toward the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe had, sitting on an old gun, told me that when I was 'prentice to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there as should recompense us for our constraint at home. However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out, to come at the Battery. Making my way along here with all dispatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was toward me, and he had got his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him with his breakfast in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the man, but another man!

And yet he was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was every thing that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, tumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the young man!" I thought. I felt my heart shoot as I identified him; and I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the man—hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upward while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering all the while so violently that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish. Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there directly arterward. I'll beat the shivers so far, *I'll* bet you a guinea."

He was gobbling mince-meat, meat, bone, bread, cheese, and pork-pie all at once: staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You're not a false imp? You brought no one with you?"

"No, Sir! No!"

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warmint is!"

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE."

WE publish on page 749, from a photograph taken by Mr. Alschuler, of Chicago, a picture of the propeller *Globe*, whose boiler exploded at Chicago on 8th inst. It seems that she was lying at the wharf, about to discharge a cargo of apples which she had brought from Buffalo, when the accident occurred. The engineer had received orders to get up steam on the donkey engine, to hoist out freight. The boiler was exceedingly hot, and but a trifling amount of steam on. The pumps were set at work, and the cold water pumped in at once caused the explosion. About fifteen people are supposed to have been killed by the explosion; among others, a gentleman named Hobbie, who had gone on board to look after some apples consigned to him, a little girl who was walking on the wharf picking up apples, and others.

THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

MY aunt's boarders consisted, first, of myself—an apprentice then with a certain city optician; secondly, there were the Misses Singleton; thirdly, the widow of a coast-guard lieutenant, who called herself Mrs. Captain Browne; and fourthly, Mr. Simington, an East India merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business in Leadenhall Street by way of occupying his spare time. The archbishop, the cardinal, the pope of our establishment—in short, the principal boarder, was Mr. Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-humored, and well disposed to make himself comfortable and keep friends with every body. Mr. Simington was a bachelor too; his two married sisters in Pimlico, his three brothers in the city, his nieces in Worcestershire, and his nephews in Kent all agreed—it was said to be the only point of agreement among them—that Mr. Simington never would marry. Mrs. Somers and her maiden sisters declared themselves of the same opinion, whenever occasion served. He was too fond of his comforts, too confirmed in his bachelor ways, ever to change them. And why should Mr. Simington think of marrying at all? It was not a pretty face that would beguile him—he was a great deal too sensible for that; it was not fortune nor family—he had money enough, and did not care for high connections; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Mountford Place? Such was the published confession of the fair trio. To it Mrs. Captain Browne gave her adhesion now and then; but, like many manifestoes, its true reading was to be made out by contraries; for, to my certain knowledge, the four ladies had, every one, private and deeply laid designs on Mr. Simington. He was one of those gentlemen given to pay attentions—I think most men between forty and fifty get into that line. As a principal boarder, with four ladies studying him, the East India merchant could scarcely do otherwise; so he paid attentions to each of the four according to her standing in the house, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the next to Mrs. Captain Browne, and the third to the maiden sisters, whose claims he balanced with such even-handed justice that both were equally sure of his heart. It is candor and not spite which compels me to declare there was not a pretty face in the quartette.

I had an inferior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against my aunt's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunders from the three next in command, to have called Bessy any thing but a child. In fact, she did double duty in our establishment, filling at once the offices of drudge and little girl. Bessy had to help in all her domestic difficulties our one female servant, Sally Stubbs, whom my aunt called her cook or her housemaid as exigencies required. She had also to wear short frocks, take bread and milk for breakfast, and go to bed punctually at eight. A small, slender figure, a face that might have served as a model to the workers in wax, but for the light of its laughing blue eyes, which no doll could borrow, and the soft fair hair that would go into wavy ringlets however clipped and combed—all helped the illusion, which her seniors did their best to promulgate by always speaking of Bessy as that poor child. My aunt was accustomed to lament over the years which must pass before she would grow up, and the expense her education would be when Bessy was old enough to be sent to a finishing-school. The good lady was to do wonders for her protégée, when the proper period of womanhood arrived; but she considered it decidedly sinful to put notions of dress and vanity in children's heads. Bessy was never allowed to appear in the drawing-room except in the capacity of duster; and as she got nothing but old dresses shortened, the orphan niece went out only with messages to the green-grocer on week-days, and to evening church on Sundays with the maid.

My Aunt Somers always allowed that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was right. On that prudent principle I did my best to think Bessy a child, though it sometimes struck me that going to bed in broad daylight on a summer evening, when there was a little dancing-party in the drawing-room, could not be to her taste; and I could not help fancying how well she would look in a long muslin frock and ringlets among the young ladies. The same judicious inclination to what was ordered and expected made me bow down before Mr. Simington. Oh, the warming of slippers, the peeling of walnuts, the mulling of wine that went on for that old gentleman in cold winter evenings! Oh, the falling on his neck when he came home from his summer rambles, as though the East India merchant had been three prodigals rolled into one! What well-governed youth would not have prostrated himself in spirit before such manifest superiority? so I bowed down to Mr. Simington, and served him. Yet, notwithstanding my awe and worship, it sometimes occurred to me that he went out very regularly on Sunday evenings, just after Bessy and the maid set forth to church; that he must have taken a particular fancy to the green-grocer my aunt patronized, as I often noticed him lingering near the shop; and probably sent intimations of his good-will by Bessy, for more than once I espied him speaking to the child on the stairs, and evidently intending not to be seen.

I had heard that great men were often eccentric, and doubtless these were the eccentricities of Mr. Simington; but as his peculiarities were too sacred to be observed by an optician's apprentice, I made no report on the subject, and nobody else appeared to have taken notes. Thus things went on, I can not precisely say how long. The ladies were every day getting stronger in their public convictions of Mr. Simington's perpetual celibacy, and more resolute in carrying on their private sieges. I could have taken ten to one on my aunt's chance; it was the best in every body's eyes but those of the other three. The summer was drawing to a close, and Mr. Simington preparing for a tour in Scotland, which he had talked about since the season began. The day of his departure on that journey was one of extraordinary bustle in our establishment. The four had been up most of the preceding night packing his carpet-bag, preparing delicacies for his refection in steamer and train, and giving him good advice against catching cold and rheumatism. No wonder he looked jovial over the abundant breakfast devoted to his service—so should any man if half so well taken care of. Mr. Simington was mighty in jokes and great in compliments that morning; the ladies, one and all, declared they must go somewhere, the house would be so dull till he came back; and I saw Bessy in the decentest frock she had—by-the-by, it was also the shortest—steal past the window with her basket; she was doubtless bound for the green-grocer's. Nobody thought of her at the leave-taking, which was extra-impressive. Mr. Simington's squeezes of eight fair hands were matters to be remembered; the adieus and good-wishes he got might have served all the travelers that ever crossed the Tweed; but at length the ceremony came to a close, and the cab drove away with him and his carpet-bag.

An hour or so afterward a ring at the door-bell, loud enough to reach my back attic, made me pause and listen. That was Mr. Simington's name I heard my aunt utter in a kind of a shriek. I had left the ladies talking in the breakfast-parlor, and there I found them on my rapid descent, gathered round Mrs. Somers, who clutched convulsively a pair of wedding-cards, while she questioned the waiter of the Barnsbury Hotel.

"It took place, Ma'am, about one hour ago," said that messenger of fate, making great efforts to preserve his gravity. "Miss Somers dressed at our house, and I must say looked uncommon well in her white silks and fine bonnet. My missus went to church with them. It was done by special license, you see. Mr. Ross, the gentleman as always stops with us, and knowed Mr. Simington from a boy, gave the bride away; and, indeed, Ma'am, she got through it wonderfully. I went to see it myself, havin' a great likin' for marriages. The 'appy pair, as I may say, waited no time after; they're off to Scotland, Ma'am, by the Great Northern. But Mr. Ross is to do the sendin' out of the cards; and says he, tippin' me half a crown, like a gentleman, as he is: 'Waiter,' says he, 'run with these to Mrs. Somers; she has the best right to the earliest intelligence, for Mr. Simington was her principal boarder.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The full returns of the election have not yet come in. It seems likely that Bell has carried Missouri and Kentucky; that Breckinridge has carried Virginia; and that Bell has a majority in Georgia, in which State, however, the appointment of electors is made by the Legislature, where no candidate has a majority of the popular vote. Four out of the seven New Jersey Electors are for Lincoln; so that he carries every Northern State on the Atlantic side. The majority for Lincoln in Pennsylvania will be over 60,000; in this State, about 52,000; in Indiana, 22,500.

MR. LINCOLN ON THE TROUBLES IN THE SOUTH.

Dispatches from Chicago and Springfield refer to the policy of the President-elect with regard to the existing troubles in the South. Mr. Lincoln, it appears, does not design to give to the country any fresh exposition of his views and opinions upon the important questions which now convulse the country. His sentiments, as declared in his speech at the Cooper Institute, in his debates with Judge Douglas, and in the acceptance of the nomination for President on the Chicago platform, are referred to as embracing the principles and policy of his administration.

THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina adjourned on 12th, having passed an act calling a Convention to take counsel respecting the duties of the State in this crisis; the Convention to meet on 17th December, the election to be held on 6th. An act was also passed repealing the act of 1857 obliging the banks to hold a certain proportion of specie to their liabilities. The greatest excitement prevails at Charleston, Columbia, and in the other towns of the State; and the disunion sentiment is rampant.

THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature in this State is in session. A bill appropriating $1,000,000 to be used at the discretion of the Governor for putting Georgia into a state of defense, passed the House on 13th, and was introduced into the Senate on 15th. It is expected that it will be passed. The Joint Committee have agreed to report a bill for a Convention. Various bills and resolutions have been introduced with a view to the secession of the State, and the resistance of coercion. Opinion, however, seems less unanimous in this State than in South Carolina.

The Virginia Legislature is summoned to meet on 7th.

THE DISUNION CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

A dispatch dated Montgomery, Alabama, November 15, says:

"The Governor of the State will issue a call for a State Convention to assemble on the 6th of December. He urges the people to prepare for secession.

"I send you the leading points in the letter of Governor Moore. After enumerating the wrongs that the South has endured from the Federal Government, he continues as follows: 'In full view and, I trust, just appreciation of all my obligations and responsibilities, official and personal—to my God, my State, and the Federal Government—I solemnly declare that, in my opinion, the only hope and future security for Alabama and other slaveholding States is in secession from the Union. I deplore the necessity for coming to such a conclusion. It has been forced upon me, and those who agree with me, by a wicked and perverse party, fatally bent upon the destruction of institutions vital to the Southern States—a party whose constitutional rights we have never disturbed, and who should be our friends—yet they hate us without cause. We should remember that Alabama must act and decide the great questions of resistance or submission for herself. No other State has the right or power to decide it for her. She may and should consult with other slaveholding States to secure concert of action, but still she must decide the question for herself, and co-operate afterward. What will the intelligent and patriotic people of Alabama do in the impending crisis? Judging of the future by the past, I believe they will prove themselves equal to present or any future emergency, and never will consent to affiliate with or submit to be governed by a party who entertain the most deadly hostility toward them and the institution of slavery. They are loyal and true to the Union, but never will consent to remain a degraded and dishonored member of it.'"

THE LEGISLATURE CONVENED IN MISSISSIPPI.

A dispatch dated Jackson, Mississippi, November 13, says: "Governor Pettus has issued a proclamation convening the State Legislature to consider the propriety and necessity of providing surer and better safeguards for the lives, liberties, and property of Mississippi, than the late election and past action of the Northern State Governments promise.

A SPEECH BY MR. KEITT.

A dispatch dated Columbia, South Carolina, November 13, says:

"Mr. Keitt was serenaded by the people at twelve o'clock last night. He made an exciting speech, urging prompt and decided action. He said that Mr. Buchanan was pledged to secession, and would be held to it. South Carolina should shatter the accursed Union. If she could not accomplish it otherwise, she would throw her arms around the pillars of the Constitution and involve all the States in common ruin."

NO NORTHERN VAGRANTS TO BE ADMITTED INTO SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mayor Macbeth, on 15th, notified the agents of the Northern steamship lines that he would not henceforth permit the landing of steerage passengers unless the steamship companies guarantee to maintain them in case they become vagrants. The agents here have accordingly telegraphed North to refuse such passengers. This movement is an execution of an ordinance hitherto a dead letter, but now revived because it is feared that in the midst of anticipated destitution next winter at the North crowds of paupers will flood the Southern cities.

RELIEF FOR KANSAS.

A dispatch dated Atchison, Kansas Territory, November 13, says:

"Three car-loads of provisions arrived here yesterday and the day before for the relief of the settlers in this Territory, making six car-loads within the past week, and each car-load ranging from six to eight tons. Teams are at present here waiting to be loaded from Greenwood, Butler, Breckinridge, and Otto Counties. Supplies are given to those only who have proper credentials from the neighborhood from which they come, and are duly authorized by the Relief Committee to receive them. The settlers in some portions of the Territory will need help throughout the winter."

AN HONORABLE EXAMPLE.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"A fact was communicated to me yesterday of a character so unprecedented in the political annals of this city, and so creditable to the distinguished gentleman who was its author, that it deserves to be published and commended in every paper of every party in the country. It is the first instance in this city where a high Federal officer has flatly refused to permit his clerks to be assessed for political purposes. I allude to the Postmaster, General Dix.

"At the usual time for calling upon the clerks in the Post-office for the payment of the usual percentage of their salary for the party, and when the person selected as the tax-gatherer appeared at the office for that purpose, he was informed by the General that he would not permit the assessment of a single cent to be made upon a single clerk for any such object; that the clerks were the hardest worked and the poorest paid of any employés of the Government, and that it was an outrage to exact from their small pittance means to defray the expenses of the campaign. He was opposed to the practice in toto, and would not permit it to be enforced. More than that, as *Postmaster* of New York, he would not submit to any political assessment, believing the practice to be subversive of the public interest; but as Mr. Dix, a private citizen, he would cheerfully give the Committee five hundred dollars, which he did. The thanks of every Government clerk in the country are due to General Dix for this bold and manly act in their behalf. It is worthy the emulation of every postmaster and collector of customs in the United States, and especially deserving of the heartiest commendation of the press."

PERSONAL.

Solomon Pangburn, who says he is now one hundred and nine years old, walked from the residence of his son-in-law, Nelson Vallandigham, on Laurel Street, to the Eighth Ward polls in Cincinnati, and deposited his vote for Douglas and Johnson. The old man says he voted for General Washington for President in 1788, and has voted at every Presidential election since, always voting for the Democratic candidate, and has therefore voted for President nineteen times.

William Armstrong, a sailor, arrived at Galway in the *Prince Albert*, tells a marvelous story of exposure and suffering. He says he was on the bark *Kitty*, from Newcastle, outward bound, with stores for the Hudson's Bay Company; was wrecked August 11, by contact with icebergs off Cape Resolution; all escaped in two boats just before the bark was crushed and sunk; worked several days to get out of the ice-field, the men were rapidly failing from cold; at last got into clear water, was beaten about in all sixty-two days, when land was reached, Armstrong being the only survivor in his boat—(the other boat's fate unknown). He was succored by Esquimaux, sent to a Moravian Mission in Labrador, and thence to St. John, Newfoundland.

The property of Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is said to have been ascertained, within a few days, to be as follows: Real estate, $2,000,000; personal property, $1,500,000. Total, $3,500,000.

The gallant Colonel F. W. Lander, of overland wagon-road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the bands of wedlock with the distinguished and favorite actress, Miss Jane M. Davenport. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated at the ceremony, which took place on Saturday evening. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San José, to pass the honey-moon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagements on the Atlantic side.

Young Lincoln, son of the President-elect, now in Harvard College, was, on Wednesday night, called upon by a large body of the students in that institution, and congratulated upon the success of his father.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, who left Boston for Rome about a fortnight since, will be followed next month by Miss Margaret F. Foley, the well-known cameo-cutter and sculptor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The London *Daily News* publishes the text of the dispatch from Lord John Russell to the British Minister at Turin, dated October 27. Lord John says the great questions which appear to the British Government to be at issue are these: Were the people of Italy justified in asking the assistance of the King of Sardinia to relieve them from governments with which they were discontented; and was the King of Sardinia justified in furnishing the assistance of his army? His Lordship says her Majesty's Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy had not good reasons for throwing off their allegiance, and can not, therefore, blame the King of Sardinia. The dispatch closes as follows: Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospects of the people building up the edifice of their liberties, and consolidating the work of their independence amidst the sympathies and good wishes of Europe.

THE QUEEN IN A SHOWER.

One morning lately her Majesty, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, rode out on horseback, and on returning to the Castle the Royal party were overtaken by a shower of rain. As they were passing the lodge-gate of the Eton Playing Fields two of the students who were standing near asked if they might be permitted to offer to the Queen and her lady in attendance their umbrellas. The offer was graciously accepted by her Majesty. Shortly afterward the rain ceased, and the umbrellas were brought back to the young gentlemen by Lord Alfred Paget, the Equerry in Waiting, with her Majesty's likeness on the obverse side of a sovereign, which the Queen had sent to each of the boys, in acknowledgment of their politeness. The delighted youths lost no time in having them appended to their watch-chains—an ornament, it need not be added, they prize far beyond the intrinsic value of their gold watches. The names of the youths are the Hon. Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Salt (son of the Member for Stafford), both pupils in the house of Mr. Waite.

FRANCE.

FRIGHTFUL CRIME AND SUICIDE.

The Hôtel de l'Univers, at Nisme, has been the scene of a frightful crime. At about seven o'clock in the evening two reports of fire-arms were heard in the room occupied by a Mademoiselle Brousse, daughter of the proprietor. The door, which was fastened on the inside, was immediately broken open, and a horrible spectacle presented itself. In a pool of blood lay two bodies—one that of Mademoiselle Brousse, aged 17, and the other that of Janvier Gauquil, aged 33, a waiter of the hotel. This tragic event is said to have taken place under the following circumstances: The violent and quarrelsome disposition of Gauquil had given rise to many complaints since he had been in the house, a period of twelve months, and Madame Brousse had determined on dismissing him, and two days before gave him notice to that effect. The fact of his having made an offer of marriage to the daughter is also said to have been another motive for his discharge, but, be that as it may, he appears to have decided on taking vengeance on the family. Knowing the habits of the house, he contrived to introduce himself into the room of the unfortunate young girl, who was well known for her piety and amiable character. After having locked the door and taken every precaution to prevent any cries being heard, the man discharged a pistol at the breast of his victim, and afterward blew out his own brains with another. The death of both must have been instantaneous. Four pistols were found lying on the ground beside him—two still remaining loaded. During the whole of the day the house was surrounded by so great a crowd that it was found necessary to place sentinels at the door.

ITALY.

THE BATTLE OF GARIGLIANO.

According to the Neapolitan accounts, Cialdini was beaten by the Neapolitans with great loss at the Garigliano, some dispatches placing his losses as high as two thousand killed and wounded, and five guns. Official dispatches from Turin say these assertions are completely false. The Sardinians were not defeated at all.

Capua was attacked on the 1st, and capitulated on the following day.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Daily News* telegraphs as follows:

"Naples, *November* 2, 1860.

"Capua capitulated to-day, and the troops leave with the honors of war, but lay down their arms at the Porta di Napoli of Capua. To-morrow they come to Naples. Naples is all illuminated, and there are great rejoicings. An attack on Gaeta is shortly expected."

It is denied, *via* Turin, that Admiral Persano had commenced and suspended firing on the royalists near Gaeta.

Victor Emanuel had crossed the Garigliano.

BOMBARDMENT OF GAETA, AND FRENCH INTERFERENCE.

On the 27th the Sardinian flotilla cannonaded the royalists near Gaeta. The French Admiral dispatched a frigate to stop the firing. Admiral Persano retired and returned to Naples, expressing regret at the conduct of the French.

There was nothing as to Victor Emanuel's visit to Naples.

The London *Daily News* of the 31st ult. says the Emperor of the French has placed four ships-of-the-line before Gaeta, with orders to prevent an attack on that fortress by Admiral Persano, and if necessary to sink his ships. Under these circumstances, Admiral Persano will take no part in the approaching siege of Gaeta. The London *Daily News* denounces this as direct intervention by France, and says Europe must not be allowed to remain a victim to all this mystery and repeated surprises.

Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi, whose operations were combined, were preparing for battle.

The London *Morning Advertiser* asserts, on the authority of an official dispatch, that Victor Emanuel was to immediately bombard Gaeta by sea and land.

Capua had been definitely occupied by Garibaldi's troops.

THE VOTING AT NAPLES.

A newspaper correspondent writes: "The day of voting was as beautiful a one as the most ardent annexationist could desire. By a strange coincidence a dispatch was received early in the morning from General Cialdini, announcing his complete victory over the Royalist army, under Field-Marshal Scotti, and in a few minutes the dispatch was placarded all about Naples. At an early hour in the morning the National Guard voted in a body, before the polling-booths were open to the public, in order that they might take up their positions in the different quarters without the necessity of leaving their posts throughout the day. There was very little apparent excitement about the town. No more flags than usual were hung out; a few addresses to the people were posted on the walls urging them to vote, but attracted little attention, and the streets certainly were not more, if so much, crowded than on an ordinary bright Sunday. On the other hand, if there was little noisy excitement, there was a look of general contentment and satisfaction visible every where. In the twelve sections of the city there were twelve polling-booths, almost all placed in some public building, such as the portico of the Church of San Vincenzo di Paola; before the Palace; or the Albergo dei Poveri, on the Caserta Road. In front of the booth there were a few festoons and hangings, and a scarlet cloth on which was worked in letters of gold the question which the people were called to vote on: 'Il Popolo vuole l'Italia una ed indivisibile, con Vittorio Emmanuele, Re Constituzionale, e suoi legitimi descendenti.' Over one booth 'Vox populi, vox Dei' was inscribed, but this was the only inscription of the kind. The preparations for voting were of the simplest kind. On a low platform there was a cylindrical churn-shaped box placed, with a slit in the side uppermost. On either side two large wooden tubs were placed—the one on the right hand marked SI, and filled with tickets stamped 'Si;' the other, on the left, for the 'No' tickets. Behind the urn was a table at which the 'Eletto' of the district, or alderman of the ward, was seated, with a broad tricolor scarf on his breast, and attended by two or three officials in full dress. Behind the table, again, were two or three benches, where ladies or friends of the authorities, or foreigners, were allowed to seat themselves. As each voter came up he showed his 'tessera,' or ticket, authorizing him to vote; was asked by the President if he wished to vote 'Yes' or 'No;' was handed a ticket, which he dropped into the urn; and then passed out by a different passage to that through which he entered. At all the booths the proceedings were quiet and orderly in the extreme. Baron Poerio, who has just returned to Naples, was vociferously cheered by the crowd as he went up to give his vote; and the famous Sangiovannara, the heroine of the Neapolitan people, was allowed to vote, when she came to the Monte Calvario booth, was surrounded by a mob of her admirers. Two Garibaldian soldiers attracted some attention by voting 'No,' and calling out aloud that they did so because they believed that the annexation was fatal to 'Unity;' but this profession of faith was very coldly received. Every where the number of 'No' voters was very small. At the Albergo dei Poveri there were only five 'Noes'—one given by a priest, two by old pensioners, who said they had eaten the King's bread for years, and would not renounce him now; and the others by two tradesmen who had been purveyors to the late Court. The result of the voting in the kingdom of Naples, with the exception of two provinces, the returns from which are still wanting, is as follows:

Ayes	1,102,499
Noes	9,371

GARIBALDI AND THE STRONG WOMAN.

There is at Naples an immense, strong woman, about forty years of age, called Donna Marianna, but commonly designated—I am unable to tell why—as La. S. Giovannara. She keeps a little wine-shop, habitually frequented by many of the lower classes, where they drop in and have their glass of wine just as a Londoner would take his pint of half-and-half. This woman is the great popular tribune of Naples. On those days when the city was greatly agitated the masses implicitly followed her guidance. On Garibaldi's arrival she at once presented herself to him, and was most cordially received, because Garibaldi especially likes and trusts the rough children of the people, such as S. Giovannara and the like. She often goes to the camp, and some six evenings ago, when at Caserta, there happened to be there about thirty persons, among them individuals of high rank, who were waiting to have interviews with Garibaldi. He was not in the best possible humor on the occasion. He had been pestered with the ministerial squabbles, and did not wish to see any one; but on being informed that S. Giovannara was in the antechamber he said she alone might come in. The strong, stalwart woman entered. Garibaldi first asked her how she was, and then, in the presence of Generals Turr, Bixio, and many other officers, he said to her, "Now give me a kiss." She gave him one, and then said she would like to have another, and having obtained that the interview terminated. She does not dress with the least elegance, but merely after the usual fashion of her class. A dark cotton gown, a large dark shawl with red flowers, and nothing on her head. By her side she carries two revolvers and a dagger. She walks very gently and speaks very little. She has a severe, but self-satisfied expression. She has, in short, the air of a person of importance. When she shakes hands with you at parting she seems to look you through and through, and nods, as much as to say, we understand one another. In consequence therefore of her character and position, while all the other women in Naples have been debarred the right of voting, an exception has been made in favor of Donna Marianna, and she has deposited her "*Si*" in the urn along with Poerio, Spaventa, Coppelli, and other distinguished Neapolitan politicians. Garibaldi, who has been declared a citizen of Naples, came into the city for the purpose of giving his vote. The pro-Dictator, Pallavicini, did the same. It is impossible to form an idea of the crowded state of the streets at the moment when Garibaldi traversed the city in an open carriage on his way to the polling-place. Every body wished to see him. Every body wished to touch him. Prolonged "*Vivas*" were raised. He took up his residence, not at the Palazzo d'Aneri, but at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he remained until night.

AUSTRIA.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN POLICY.

According to instructions received from Count Rechberg, Prince Metternich has explained to M. Thouvenel the Austrian policy. This explanation contains four points:

1. The interior policy of every State being intimately connected with its exterior policy, Austria will fulfill with sincerity the reforms announced by the *Diplome* of the 20th October.

2. Notwithstanding the complications in Italy, Austria will maintain her line of defensive policy. The present armaments and concentration of troops in Venetia have no other object than that of repelling any attack.

3. Austria will not abandon the system of non-intervention.

4. Austria considers that the assembling of a congress would not bring about a practical solution of the Italian question unless the great Powers agree beforehand on a common programme, of which, however, there is little likelihood.

SPAIN.

SPANISH OPINION ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

Marshal O'Donnell, in Cortes on the 29th, reiterated that Spain had resolved to remain neutral in the affairs of Italy. He also protested against the doubts expressed of the loyalty of Napoleon toward the Spanish Government.

Marshal O'Donnell announced in the Senate that Rosas would proceed to Rome on a mission, but that Spain was resolved to observe a strict neutrality in the affairs of Italy.

SPANISH BIGOTRY.

The Bayonne *Messager* states that a child fifteen months old, belonging to Protestant parents of that city, died a few days back at Villabona, near Vittoria, in Spain; but that the clergy of the place, on account of the parents' religion, refused him Christian burial. Accordingly the afflicted father set out with the dead body for France, and on arriving at Irun, near the frontier, he had, in compliance with the French law, to solicit authority to introduce it. While waiting for the permission he was compelled to deposit the coffin by the side of a hedge near a Spanish guard-house, on the banks of the Bidassoa; and the chief on duty in that place brutally cried, "If in an hour you do not get your permission I will have the body cast into the river." Fortunately the authority arrived promptly, and the sorrowing father having brought his child's remains into France, had them interred with Christian rites in a cemetery.

CHINA.

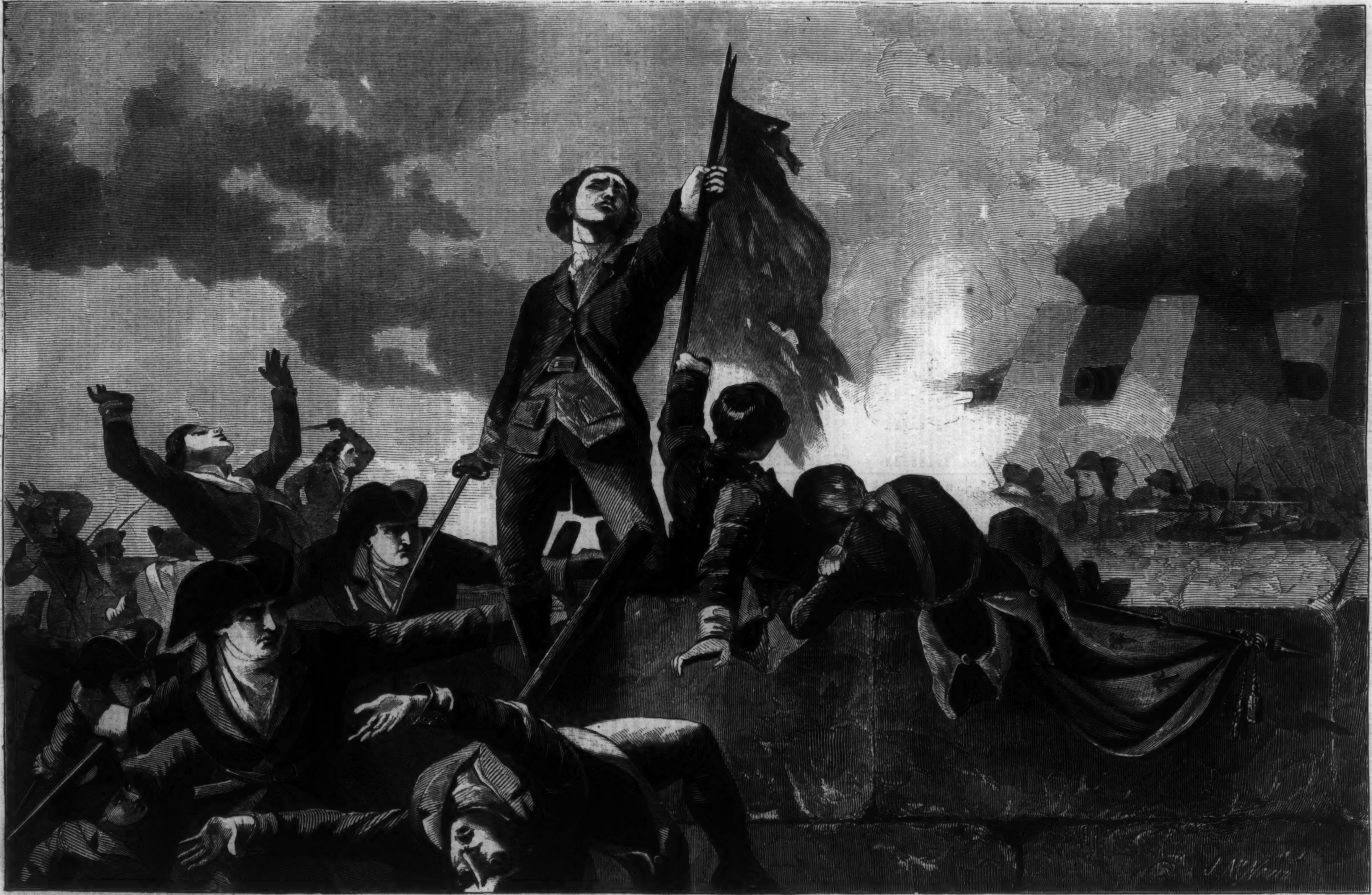
CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS.

On the 21st August the Allies, after a vehement resistance, carried by assault the most important of the Taku forts. Two hundred French and two hundred English were put *hors de combat*. One thousand Tartars killed were found in the fort, among whom was the General-in-chief. The other forts surrendered successively the same evening.

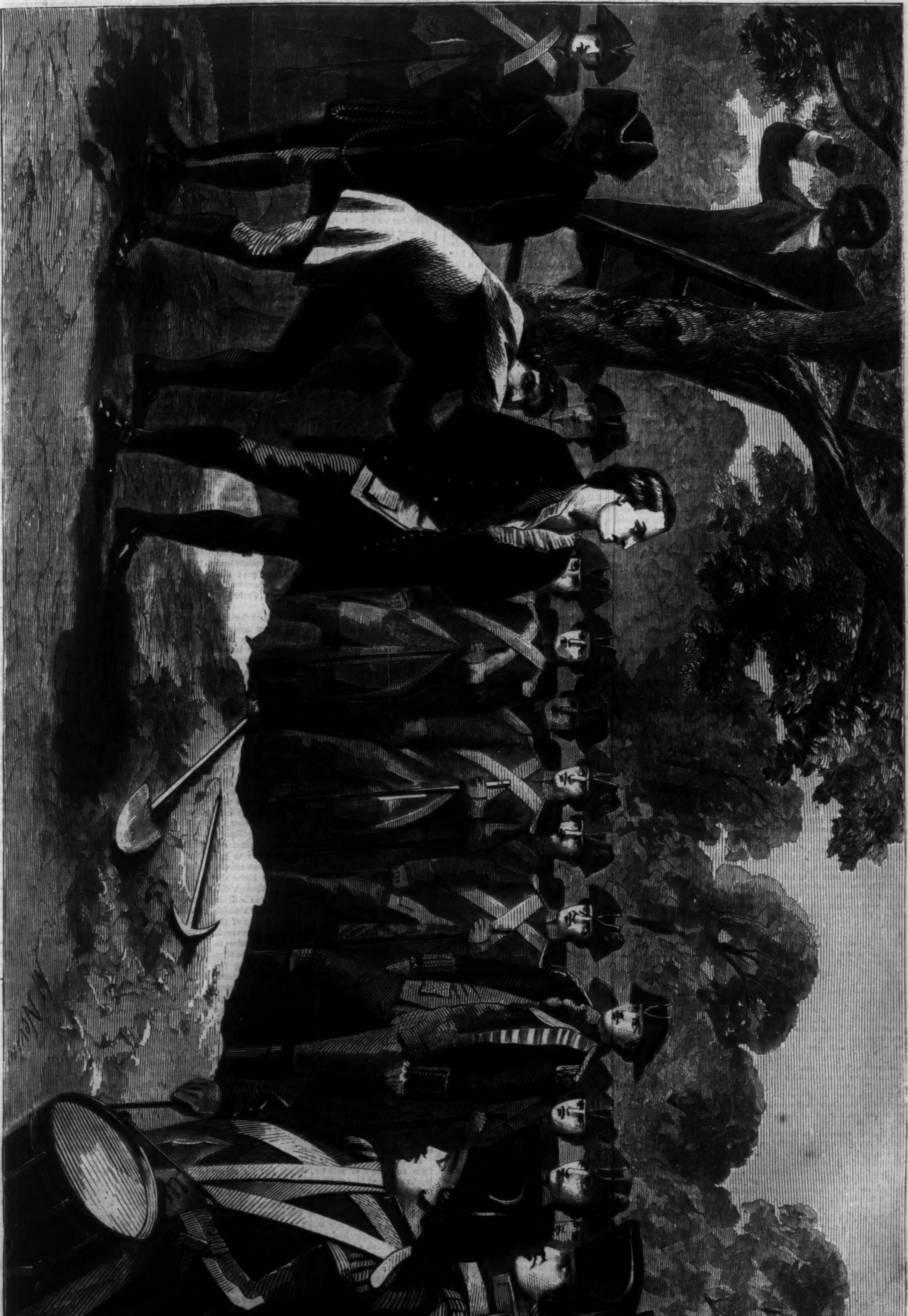
The capitulation gave the Allies the whole country as far as Tien-Tsin, and six hundred brass guns of large calibre.

The Embassadors proceeded to Tien-Tsin, where Chinese Commissioners attended them to open negotiations.

It was reported that the Embassadors would soon proceed to Pekin, with a cavalry escort.



MEMORIES OF THE UNION—SERGEANT JASPER RAISING THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG ON SPRING HILL REDOUBT, SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779.—[SEE PAGE 746.]



MEMORIES OF THE UNION—EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE ON THE SITE OF EAST BROADWAY, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1776.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

PATRIOTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

We publish on the two preceding pages a couple of pictures which will stir the patriotic blood in every true American's heart. The first represents that thrilling scene in the career of Sergeant Jasper, of South Carolina, when he gave up his life for his country; the other the final act in the glorious career of Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who, when called upon to make the same sacrifice, regretted that he had but one life to surrender in such a cause. A very few words will recall the scenes to the mind of our readers.

Sergeant Jasper first rose to public notice at the time of the attack on Fort Moultrie, in the Harbor of Charleston, on 28th June, 1776. He was serving with his regiment—the 2d South Carolina Regiment—in the fort when the British ships took up their positions and opened fire. At the commencement of the action a ball from a British vessel struck the flag-staff on the fort, and the Crescent Flag of South Carolina fell upon the beach outside. Jasper leaped upon the parapet, walked the whole length of the fort, under a hail of shot and shell from the ships, picked up the flag, fastened it upon a sponge staff, and fixed it anew firmly upon the bastion; then leaped back unhurt among his comrades. For this gallant exploit he was offered the rank of lieutenant, but refused, saying that he was only a sergeant, and not fit to keep officers' company. A short while afterward he succeeded, by an ingenious stratagem, in rescuing a prisoner named Jones from the hands of the English, who were about to hang him. The scene of the transaction was a spring near Savannah, which still goes by the name of Jasper's Spring. His last exploit was at the famous attack on Savannah by the combined French and American forces, on 9th October, 1779. Day was just breaking in fog and mist as the French under General D'Estaing, and the Americans under Laurens and M'Intosh, passed the abatis, entered the ditch, ran across, and springing upon the parapet, planted their flags there, side by side. The French flag was raised by one of D'Estaing's aids, who soon fell mortally wounded, as also did the American who held the South Carolina flag. Lieutenant Gray, of the South Carolina Regiment, then sprang upon the parapet, and held the flag till he too was struck down. His place was instantly taken by Sergeant Jasper, who was in the act of planting the flag-staff firmly on the parapet when he was struck by a rifle ball, and fell back dying. The flag had been worked for the South Carolina Regiment by Mrs. Susanna Elliott, and had been presented by her to the regiment just after the battle of Fort Moultrie. As Jasper fell, he turned to Major Horry, and said,

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she gave to our regiment."

The sad tale of Nathan Hale is thus told in a note to Washington Irving's "Life of Washington:"

> "Born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755, he entered Yale College in 1770, and graduated with some distinction in September, 1773, having previously contracted an engagement of marriage; not unlike André in this respect, who wooed his 'Honora' at eighteen. On quitting college he engaged as a teacher, as is common with young men in New England while studying for a profession. His half-formed purpose was to devote himself to the ministry. As a teacher of youth he was eminently skillful, and equally appreciated by parents and pupils. He became universally popular. 'Every body loved him,' said a lady of his acquaintance, 'he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind, and so handsome!'
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> "He was teaching in New London when an express arrived bringing tidings of the outbreak at Lexington. A town meeting was called, and Hale was among the most ardent of the speakers, proposing an instant march to the scene of hostilities, and offering to volunteer. 'A sense of duty,' writes he to his father, 'urges me to sacrifice every thing for my country.'
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> "He served in the army before Boston as a lieutenant, prevailing on his company to extend their terms of service by offering them his own pay; and for his good conduct received from Congress the commission of captain. He commanded a company in Colonel Knowlton's regiment in the following year. After the disastrous battle of Long Island Washington applied to that officer for a competent person to penetrate the enemy's camp, and procure intelligence of their designs, a service deemed vital in that dispirited crisis. Hale, in the ardor of patriotism, volunteered for the unenviable enterprise, though fully aware of its peril and the consequences of capture.
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> "Assuming his old character as schoolmaster, he crossed the Sound at night, from Norwalk to Huntington, on Long Island, visiting the British encampments unsuspected; made drawings of the enemy's works, and noted down memoranda in Latin of the information he gathered, and then retraced his steps to Huntington, where a boat was to meet him and convey him back to the Connecticut shore. Unfortunately a British guard-ship was at that time anchored out of view in the Sound, and had sent a boat on shore for water. Hale mistook it for the expected boat, and did not discover his mistake until he found himself in the hands of his enemies. He was stripped and searched; the plans and memoranda were found concealed in the soles of his shoes, and proved him to be a spy.
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> "He was conveyed to the guard-ship, and thence to New York, where he was landed on the 21st of September, the day of the great fire. He was taken to General Howe's head-quarters, and, after brief parley with his judge, ordered for execution the next morning at daybreak—a sentence carried out by the provost-marshal, the brutal and infamous Cunningham, who refused his request for a Bible, and destroyed a letter he had addressed to his mother, for the reason afterward given by himself, 'that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness.' His patriot spirit shone forth in his dying words: 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

Angelique Tiquet is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which is compiled the following true romance:

Her father, Jean Auguste Carlier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweler of Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, whose careful habits daily added to its bulk. Madame Carlier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (this Angélique), and a two-year old son, named Auguste. Carlier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the shop was closed in the evening employed himself in teaching his boy and girl, who both had quick abilities. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Carlier, had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and, although belonging to the bourgeoisie, had captivated the fancy of a youth of rank, who, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and obtained a post at court, where Madame's beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue forced her into favor. In those days, when Anne of Austria, in the pomp of her regency, was outraging decorum, the standard of public opinion in France demanded no high principle of conduct. Madame lived, therefore, a brilliant and heedless life, until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension far too small to supply the luxuries to which she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her mode of life, till after a few more years, when the death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and a severe illness, which seemed all at once to anticipate the work of age, caused her to think of some certainty of a home for her declining years. Her relations in Metz had, of course, been neglected; but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and make herself, if possible, a fixture there. At Metz she was so amiable to her nephew-in-law, so motherly with the children, and seemed to be so happy in their company, that Carlier, whose comforts were the greater for her care of his household, offered her a home with them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude; but as the quiet economy of the household by no means suited her taste, she soon endeavored to introduce a radical change in all matters of expenditure. In this attempt, however, she did not succeed; for Carlier, though kind and gentle, was, in money matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the real character of the woman whom he gave to his children as guide and companion: a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the young mind of her niece she gained a complete ascendency. Auguste was armed against her with simplicity of character, and him she hated, though she lavished upon him the tenderest endearments. After three years, finding her health restored, she resolved on a return to Paris. Imposing, therefore, upon Carlier with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the capital to save her pension, she quitted Metz, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angélique. She induced him to give his daughter the advantages of Paris training; and she selected a convent of which the nuns were celebrated for proficiency in teaching. Thither Angélique was sent, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Carlier went often to Paris after his daughter's removal thither, and was grateful for the attention his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions he allowed the acute lady to discover that his will was made, and that he had left his property, worth more than a million of livres, equally divided between son and daughter, with Madame for their sole guardian. He dined with his aunt that evening, and half an hour afterward left in the diligence for Metz. In three days he was dead.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to cold and fatigue, acting on an enfeebled constitution.

Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had every thing ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set off to Metz, with Angélique, without an hour's delay. On their arrival they found Carlier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet attracted universal sympathy.

Angélique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvelously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it covered her almost to her feet; its color was a dark brown, with gleams of light on it, as if sprinkled with gold-dust. So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was impatient to produce to the world. She hurried the sale of Carlier's effects as much as possible, selecting what she thought fit to retain, and, in five months after her nephew's death, returned to Paris with her two young wards. The best rooms of a handsome hotel were at once furnished with all the cumbrous luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a career of dissipation began. Wooers thronged about the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chaubert, whose father, the principal notary in Metz, had been Carlier's close friend. Henri was clever and energetic, and already distinguished in the law. His pretensions were soon set at rest by Madame de Remonet, who, acting upon Angélique's vanity and ambition, persuaded her to dismiss (probably) the only lover she ever had who cared for herself alone. Among the crowd were two, especially distinguished: the one by Madame de Remonet; the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Paris, whose relations with Madame had formerly been very intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance impaired a large fortune, but his position upheld him. The aunt favored his pretensions, for the president had bound himself to pay her a large sum on the day when he should marry Angélique. The girl herself inclined to a young Chevalier de Mongeorge, who was an officer in the King's Guards: handsome, witty, accomplished, and really in love, according to the fashion of the age and country. Mongeorge's family required high birth in his bride, and endeavored to detach him from his mistress. They procured from the King his appointment to a coloneley in a regiment ordered to a remote part of the kingdom; and while he was gone Monsieur Tiquet made good use of his absence. Madame de Remonet assisted efficiently. Angélique was assailed by fêtes and costly gifts. She could not withstand so gallant and princely an adorer, and in a few weeks became Madamé Tiquet.

Passionately adoring his young wife, the president was jealous of her lightest look. As Angélique had been prepared for her married life, by an intimation from her aunt that marriage by no means excluded lovers, she insisted on dressing like a princess, and on entertaining a throng of flatterers. Her husband wished for domesticity, and had become, as spendthrifts sometimes do become, miserly, now that he had again a fortune. Constant and violent contention was the consequence, and, to make matters worse, Mongeorge, whose friends had been made happy by Angélique's marriage, was recalled to Paris, and became her satellite. Monsieur Tiquet at last refused to supply his wife with money beyond a very small allowance. She applied then to her aunt, who, by supplying her with funds, still further established empire over her, while she repeatedly urged on her how fortunate it would be were Auguste to die; for Monsieur Carlier's will had decreed that if either of his heirs died without issue, the fortune of the deceased should go to the survivor. If both died childless, all was to be applied to the use of various charities, except a small sum left to Madame Remonet. Angélique ran into debt; her husband refused positively to advance or increase her allowance. Her aunt, professing to be unable to supply further demands, advised an application to Mongeorge, upon which Angélique was compelled to acknowledge that she was already his debtor for large sums, which he had heavily involved himself to procure for her. "If Auguste would only die!" was the next terrible suggestion. "He is puny and frail, does not enjoy life, and can not live to maturity. Yet he keeps you, who so much need his money, from a vast deal of enjoyment!"

No more was said on that occasion, but at subsequent interviews the subject was revived. Auguste was a boy of thirteen, delicate and quiet, often and seriously ailing, much neglected by his aunt and sister, but loved and sedulously cared for by an old abbé, who was his tutor. His health grew worse and worse. Violent sickness, internal cramps, and racking pains, soon brought him to the brink of the grave. In about three months from the time of the first serious attack he died. No one suspected foul play. The boy had been almost unknown to any one except the servants and his tutor. His fortune went to Angélique; and she, some time afterward, presented her aunt with two thousand livres and a magnificent Cashmere shawl.

Monsieur Tiquet, somewhat mollified by his wife's increase of fortune, conceded to her many of her demands, and relaxed somewhat of his vigilance. Gradually Angélique sank so low in her morality that at last Monsieur Tiquet gave his porter, who was a Gascon named Cattelain, strict orders not to permit the egress of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angélique adding this man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, discovering the connivance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys.

Of course Madame de Remonet was again taken into council by her pupil, and, in accordance with her advice, Angélique ceased opposition to her husband, and endeavored to regain his confidence. As if to crown his happiness, a little girl was now born, and the consequent seclusion of the young mother gave the president reason to hope that for the future all was well. But with Angélique's returning health returned her taste for pleasure. She was very affectionate in her manner to her husband, but she now and then insisted on attending places of amusement at which he knew she must meet Mongeorge. Cattelain, although dismissed from the president's service, was still in that of the lady, who gave him money, with which he set up a sort of cabaret in a remote part of the town. To that house, as was afterward discovered, Madame Tiquet frequently went in disguise to meet Mongeorge and others. About the same time a famous female fortune-teller was turning the heads of Paris, and drew—as the spirit-conjuror now draws—crowds of all ranks to her séances. One day Angélique entered the drawing-room of an acquaintance, where there was assembled a large party of both sexes, and displayed so much animation that the hostess asked if any thing particularly pleasant had occurred. Her answer was afterward brought in evidence against her.

"Yes," said she, "I have been to the fortune-teller, and she has solemnly assured me that I shall soon be perfectly happy, and freed from the great plague of my life. Of course I knew that must be Monsieur Tiquet; so I besought her to say if I should be soon a widow, as only *then* could I be perfectly happy; but she would do no more than repeat what she had said. However, the thought that he may soon die is something to live for."

At this time Monsieur Tiquet was recovering from an attack of asthma, which had for many weeks confined him to his room, where he was attended by a valet, named Servin, as old as himself, who had lived with him thirty years, and who, looking with disfavor upon his young mistress, understood more of her ways than she supposed. A certain regimen had been prescribed for the invalid, of which a strong broth, to be taken at noon, formed a portion. Suddenly Angélique, once more becoming a domestic wife, insisted on preparing this broth herself. Servin had his own views on the subject, and resolved to oppose stratagem by stratagem. On the first day of Angélique's acting as cook, the valet took a pet dog of the president's, a pretty white spaniel, and shut it into his own chamber. Taking care to be in the way at the right moment, he took the broth from her hands to carry to his master; but on his way to the sick-room visited his own, and pouring at least half the contents of the bowl on a plate, set it before the dog, and again shut him up. When he reached his master's room he found Angélique there.

"Where have you delayed?" she asked.

"I spilt some of the soup, Madame, and could not appear before my master till I had changed my coat, which was splashed."

"Ah!" The cry was from Angélique, and was caused by Servin, whose foot slipped on the waxed and slippery margin beyond the carpet, so that he fell and broke the bowl. Angélique was enraged, but her anger only convinced the old man that he was right in his suspicion. Yet to his astonishment the dog did not suffer, but continued perfectly well, although he had eaten the whole portion allotted to him. The valet was therefore obliged to conclude that no poison had yet been mixed in the soup. Angélique continued to prepare it, and Servin persevered in always taking out a portion for the dog before he gave it to his master. It was excellent, and both the dog and his master appeared the better for it. So things went on for about three weeks, and then Servin, on taking the bowl from his mistress one day, fancied that he discovered a certain nervous agitation in her manner; in his hearing, too, she ordered her footman to accompany her directly, on a visit to Madame de Remonet. Servin hastened to feed the dog, having first made sure that his mistress was gone out. He was in the act of pouring out the broth when an angry exclamation startled him, and he saw his master standing by.

"Do you dare to give my luncheon to the dog?" he said; and made Servin precede him to his chamber, where he seated himself before the tray. As he raised the first spoonful to his lips the faithful valet arrested his hand.

"Do not taste it, my dear master," he said; "it is *poisoned*."

"What do you say?"

"Your soup is poisoned."

Servin brought in the dog and gave him all the broth. Not a word was spoken either by master or servant for more than a quarter of an hour, during which the dog, heavy with a full meal, had gone to sleep before the fire. At last it seemed disturbed, rose, whined, rolled itself on the floor writhing in convulsions, and was violently sick. In ten minutes more the dog was dead.

There was now no doubt of Angélique's intention, but the old president implored Servin, with tears, not to betray her to justice. The man solemnly promised, on condition that his master neither ate nor drank any thing but what he himself prepared and brought. It was resolved between them to conceal their knowledge of the attempt as much as possible, and to allow Angélique to believe that the broth had been taken by her husband, who would feign illness. He therefore retired to bed, and was scarcely there when Angélique entered.

"In bed!" she exclaimed; "I hope you are not worse!"

He made no answer, but Servin, in a whisper, told her that his master had suddenly become very ill, and that perfect quiet would be necessary for him. During two days Angélique waited on her husband, who remained in bed; but, do what she would, Servin was not to be got rid of. If she desired him to fetch any thing, he had it at hand in a closet, or rang for another servant, saying that the doctor had ordered him never to leave his master for an instant. On the evening of the second day the valet had gone to the cupboard for something, and the president, fancying him still there, asked for a glass of eau sucrée. Angélique flew to a table, mixed the drink, and added to it something from a little bottle which she hastily replaced in the bosom of her dress.

The glass was suddenly taken from her hand. A half-stifled scream betrayed her terror; but Servin, dispensing with all ceremony, led her from the room, and closing the chamber door behind them, said sternly,

"This can not last longer, Madame; you have put something by mistake into my master's eau sucrée. I must learn from the physician what it is. Two days ago you made a similar mistake with Monsieur's broth; but as it was Fifine who drank it, that did not so much matter, except that Fifine is dead, poor thing!" She did not answer, but steadying herself against the balustrade of the staircase, looked at the valet with distended eyes. "Madame sees that to preserve my master from such accidents in future it is necessary that I should ask the physician what is here," continued Servin, touching the glass. "But it would simplify matters amazingly if Madame would be so obliging as to give me the phial which is in the folds of her dress."

"You will not betray me!"

"On one condition, Madame, I will not. You must leave the care of my master altogether to me. The fatigue is too much for you, and you make nervous mistakes which might be fatal. In future, *I* shall make the drinks, and, further, you will give me that bottle, which I shall set carefully aside, with this glass, lest, in an unhappy moment of forgetfulness, something might occur which would render it necessary for me to produce them."

He had scarcely spoken when she dashed the glass from his hand, and the contents, mingled with the shattered fragments, fell through the balustrades, and dropped on the staircase beneath them.

"I promise what you ask," she said, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "The phial contains only an eye-wash."

The valet shook his head.

"You can not come into my master's chamber again, Madame; if you do—"

He paused, and returned to the president, who had seen the beginning of the affair, and who now sat up in the bed trembling with anxiety.

"Again?" he asked.

"Again; but I have explained to Madame that she must come here no more." The wretched old president cast himself down on the pillow moaning. "Calm yourself, Monsieur," said the valet; "I will not say any thing of this unless it should become necessary."

The president made no reply, and Servin proceeded to arrange the room for the night: taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at about midnight, Servin felt inclined to follow his example. Yet an undefined fear warned him to be watchful. He arose from the chair and moved about the room, opening the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angélique, whose apartment adjoined that of her husband, moving cautiously about, and he was unable to fix his attention on the pages. Presently the sounds in her chamber ceased; nothing was to be heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the hearth. He felt that the desire to sleep was overcoming him, and, casting about for means of rousing himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noiselessly opening the door, he listened for a moment at Angélique's door; all was still there; he peered through the keyhole, but there was no light within, except from the flicker of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned to his master's chamber, and taking a light, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarcely had he reached the lowest step when Angélique's door opened without a sound, and she looked over the balustrades at him: she had either been in bed, or was ready for bed, for a long white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light he carried on the ceiling of the room. She could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in.

She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room and shut himself in. She drew before her some of the garments which hung from the pegs, and cautiously settling herself into an endurable position, could hear Servin making and drinking his coffee. Presently Monsieur Tiquet began to mumble indistinctly, and to toss his arms and head. Anon the mutterings became incoherent, sharply-uttered words; at length a fierce delirium came on. Servin took his master's hand: it was like fire to the touch. The sick man called for drink, and Servin, who had taken especial care in the preparation, hastened to give him some—but to his surprise found the stopper out of the carafe!

Now he distinctly knew that he had replaced this stopper; a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise which had startled his master from his first sleep.

He laid down the half-filled glass and filled another with pure water, which the president drank eagerly. Then, going into the corridor, Servin went to Angélique's door; it was closed, but not latched, and yielded to his touch. The fire was nearly out when he looked in, but, as his eyes became used to the half-twilight, he saw that the bed coverings were turned down, and that the bed was unoccupied. He called to his mistress, supposing that she might be in the dressing-room, but when no answer was returned he came back. He was sure that Angélique had entered her husband's chamber while he was first absent. He looked under the heavy valance of the bed, and examined every portion of the furniture under or behind which she might be. Last of all, he went to the closet, and, as if by instinct, pulled open the leaf of the wardrobe and drew aside the president's robe of office, under which the guilty woman lay.

Her eyes met his, and without a word she rose and stepped from her hiding-place to the floor.

"Madame, you have broken the agreement. You can not blame me if I now take measures to prevent any injury either to my master or myself. You must not leave this room till the physician, for whom I shall instantly send, shall have decided whether or no there be poison in the carafe the stopper of which I know was put in by me, but which I found lying on the table."

The most abject entreaties succeeded Angélique's first speechless terror, but Servin was deaf to her prayers. In the rage which quickly supervened, when she flung herself on him in her endeavors to escape, her strength was no match for his; yet the struggle was long before he at last got her into the closet, which had no window, and there locked her in.

As soon as he had done that he proceeded to awaken one of the men-servants and sent him for the physician. His master was alarmingly worse; his thin voice was raised in fearful screams; his whole frame was agitated by vain struggles to get up.

"Did you dare to kill my beautiful wife?" he asked.

"Lie down, Monsieur. I assure you that Madame is safe. She prefers to await the doctor's opinion in your wardrobe closet; she is too much agitated to come near your bed."

The president stared at him, as if trying to comprehend his words, and then, with a heavy sigh, sank back exhausted. Dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. Having first attended to the patient, who was quiet, though still wandering in mind, he listened while Servin detailed his suspicions and the causes which had aroused them, and finally produced the carafe, filled with clear amber fluid, at the bottom of which a white sediment had settled.

By noon on the ensuing day all Paris was in a ferment. The intelligence was in every mouth that Madame Tiquet, for an attempt upon her husband's life, was in prison and awaiting trial. The Chevalier Mongeorge, also, who had been until near midnight at the Hôtel Tiquet, was under arrest, and so was Angélique's maid. The girl had in her terror confessed all she knew, which was not a little. She declared that her mistress had frequently gone, accompanied by her, to the cabaret of Cattelain, whence she brought sometimes powders, sometimes liquids, which she told the girl were cosmetics that Cattelain's mother taught him to prepare. But the woman had watched, and had seen her mistress put portions of these things into the food of an Angora cat, and into the drinking-vessels of birds; and they had all died. On one occasion the girl had been about to drink some soup which stood in a bowl on her mistress's table, but had only taken one or two mouthfuls, when the lady came in, and was greatly enraged: throwing away the remaining contents of the basin. The maid was terribly ill for two days after that. At another time Angélique had sent her to Cattelain's with a sealed letter, on receipt of which the man had delivered her a bottle which was the one now produced. It had been full when she gave it to her mistress; now it was empty. Cattelain had said to her, "Be discreet, and you do not know what a great lady you yet may be. Some day, soon, that old fox Tiquet will die, and I shall marry Madame. We shall find you a good husband with money." She had believed him to be jesting, and had laughed; on which he had seemed angry, and told her to make haste home.

When she gave the bottle to her mistress the latter had kissed it, and said, "I have herewith to punish all my enemies and make myself free. Have a care that you do not offend me." The girl had then asked her mistress what the phial contained? On which she replied, "Enough to prevent half a dozen men from ever feeling a headache again. Something to cure Monsieur Tiquet's asthma and jealousy at one draught." This had occurred five days ago. She said she had been afraid to tell, although she knew that it was poison which Cattelain had sent. On the day after the scene above described she said to her mistress that she thought she must tell some one of what she knew, for it lay heavy on her conscience; on which Angélique had made her swear to keep it secret: telling her that if she did not do so she should have some of the poison herself: and that if she told, she would bring punishment on her own head, for she was now in the eyes of the law as criminal as herself. This, she said, had kept her silent. On her deposition Cattelain was arrested. In his house were found poisons of various kinds. In one bottle, from which she said he had poured what he had given her, was a preparation of arsenic and aconite, which the physician who attended the president declared to be the same that was contained in the carafe of night drink.

Angélique, who quite recovered her audacity and self-possession, resisted all entreaties to confess her crime, avowing that nothing should induce her falsely to condemn herself, and cast a stigma on her child. She declared that the whole charge was a conspiracy between Servin and her maid, who had an intrigue together; that Servin had ruled his master before marriage, was jealous of her influence, and had taken this method of getting rid of her. The torture by water was applied to her, but she bore its agony with firmness. In the same chamber Cattelain was stretched on the rack, and for some time bore the torture without flinching; but as greater force was applied, he yelled, and made a full confession. He avowed that Madame had promised to marry him when her husband should be dead, and that as he himself was jealous of Mongeorge, he had meant to poison that person as soon as he could find an opportunity.

It was plain that Mongeorge, who had been arrested, was only guilty in his love for Angélique, and he was at once set free. He immediately repaired to the Hôtel Tiquet, and enforced admittance to the president, who was restored to his senses, though prostrate with shame and grief. To him Mongeorge confessed that he loved Angélique, and swore never again to see her if her husband would aid him to endeavor to procure her pardon. The president agreed. His passion for his wicked wife was strong, and Mongeorge drew up in his presence a petition, which he signed. Then the chevalier departed to seek audience of the King, with whom he was a favorite.

It was of no avail: the King was kind in manner, but inflexible. The crime of poisoning had fearfully increased, and he was advised, most urgently, to punish the first poisoner who could be brought to justice. Moreover, Mongeorge's relatives, who were of great consideration, having learned that the chevalier was about to intercede for Angélique, had been beforehand with him, and had besought that the law might be enforced. Pitying the young man's despair, the King again sent him from Paris, that he might not be in the way to witness Angélique's trial and execution. Perforce, Mongeorge departed; but in a few days, an old man, emaciated almost to a skeleton, his hair white, his limbs tottering, and supported by a gray-haired valet, demanded audience of the King. The petitioner held by one hand a lovely little girl, and, on being presented to the King, knelt, and made his little daughter, kneeling also, join her tiny hands in supplication for her mother's life. The King raised him and embraced the child, but assured him that pardon was hopeless.

The day of trial came. The most untroubled innocence could not have displayed an eye more cloudless, a brow more unruffled, than Angélique's. Her matchless tresses were fully displayed, being arranged in clusters of heavy long curls, crowned with a chaplet of white roses. Her robe of pure white was confined at the waist by a cincture of turquoises and diamonds. Madame de Remonet, who had escaped on the first alarm of her niece's detection, had been apprehended, and Angélique knew nothing of this until she saw her aunt led into court, a prisoner like herself. Cattelain, who was carried in to give his evidence, fired when he saw the elder prisoner, and declared that it was she who had taught him to prepare the poisons, and who had counseled her niece to administer them. Sentence of death was passed on all three. The waiting-maid was pardoned in consideration of her voluntary confession, but condemned to retire for life to the convent of St. Agathe. Cattelain managed to drag himself to the feet of his mistress and implore her pardon for having criminated her. "I forgive you, my poor Cattelain," she said; "it was pain which forced you to belie yourself and me. Let those who have compelled the false confession answer for it to God."

Although every one was certain of Angélique's guilt, yet the sympathy excited by her strange beauty and by her fortitude extended far and wide among all classes in France. To add to the dramatic effect of her trial, by a strange coincidence it happened that the judge who condemned her was her former lover, Henri St. Chaubert. She listened without faltering to the words of the sentence, and then looked up at him with a smile, saying, loud enough to be distinctly heard by all, so awe-stricken was the silence in the court, "Ah! Monsieur St. Chaubert, is that you? Formerly our positions were reversed: you were the trembling culprit, I was the judge. I hear your sentence to-day with more courage than you heard mine." St. Chaubert turned ghastly white, and was obliged to lean back in his seat. For many minutes he could not control his feelings.

Redoubled efforts were made to procure Angélique's pardon, but the King refused to receive any more petitions in her favor. Although to the last she encouraged herself with the idea of ultimate escape from her terrible doom, the day of her execution found her (as may be supposed) still under sentence of death. Dressed as she had been at her trial, and accompanied by her aunt and Cattelain, and attended by a priest who vainly implored her to confess, she was borne on a cart through the streets of Paris, exposed to the gaze of thousands upon thousands. She bore it unmoved, and her sole anxiety seemed to be that her lovely hair should not be wetted out of curl by a slight rain that was falling. When she reached the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest:

"Cease, Monsieur l'Abbé; permit me to die in peace. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeorge give my kindest adieux, and my hair, if it *must* be cut off. So now, farewell, for I will hear no more!"

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The excitement passed description. Women, and even men, shrieked and swooned; many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacré Cœur, where she ultimately took the vail, about a year before her father's death.

Of the poison spoken of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his murderess to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"BUT, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, Mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, Monsieur, my hair is a good color (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the perruquier's mouth watered, for she unbound it, and it fell below her waist). Surely, Monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, Mademoiselle, I could not offer you a sou more. Your hair is very beautiful, I admit, but in effect the article is a complete drug at present. Trade is dull, very dull, and I know not when I should have use for it. Keep it, Mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it at all."

(The perruquier saw that the poor fish was ravenous, and he had hardly need to play his meagre bait. The rogue wished to appear indifferent, but he had at that moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flow of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

"Ah, well, Monsieur! you are very hard, but I must take the sum you offer."

There was only a thin partition between us and the bureau in which the bargain was being concluded, and we could tell by the sharp click of the perruquier's scissors that the purchase was being consummated. The light entered the shop obliquely, and through the thinly-vailed window of the bureau we could see the shorn lamb grasp the pittance with eager hands, while she hastily adjusted her bonnet, and with a challenging look in the glass, murmured, in a low but distinct voice, as if to herself, "But I am still pretty."

"And so you are," thought we, as we inwardly exclaimed, "may Heaven temper its winds to your condition, poor child!" and took up our small purchase, and followed her. There was something in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress which told us that she was on an errand of self-sacrifice; and may the guardian angels of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protegée to her holy of holies!

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. Starting from the Avenue de Marigny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Sainte Honoré, passing over the Champs Elysées with a single glance at the luxurious equipages thronging the avenue up the Rue de Chaillot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Chancery. Against the dust-ridden and blistered door-post we saw carelessly lounging a card, which seemed as though itself was growing sallow with long-deferred hope, inscribed with the words "*apartements meublés.*" It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell, and our summons was deliberately answered by a porteress, whose ancient limbs seemed grating with the rust of years and inaction.

"You have apartments to let, I believe."

"Yes; will Monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Thank you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"*Au troisième*, Monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are quiet here, Monsieur, although not far from the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be of the *beau monde*.

Monsieur, now that the ice was broken, ventured to ask if the young lady who had just entered was a locataire.

"Oh! Mademoiselle Marie, yes, Monsieur. Her mother is sick to the death, but Mademoiselle is a good girl, a brave girl, though Heaven only knows how the poor thing bears it. The Virgin must hear her prayers, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in mellowing our plot. Madame Justine would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her tongue.

"Stay, *mon chou*," said she to her grandchild, "how is Madame this evening?"

The little "cabbage" eyed the franc piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is worse, grandmère. She is excited, too; oh! so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"Only because Mademoiselle has had her hair cut; but it is no shorter than mine." (The little "cabbage" was polled as close as a child in a Dutch picture.)

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Madame Justine what we had witnessed in the perruquier's shop, and hoped that Madame would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Madame Justine had grown loquacious under the stimulus of our faithful ally, the Médoc, but she seemed rather suspicious of our motives, and it required some explanation to reassure her.

"Monsieur," said she, "is very good, but Mademoiselle and her mother are very proud. They would starve before they would receive charity from a stranger."

"Are they so proud that they would reject the sympathy of a friend? Is there no way of aiding them without wounding their self-respect?"

"They are dead to those who should receive their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Listen, Monsieur, and you shall know their history." Justine then gave us the following narration:

Marie's father was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. He was sent to Paris to study his profession; and, like many other young men under similar circumstances, he became gay in his living. "But," said Justine, "he committed what would have been in any case a folly, and was in him a madness. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her, and his family discarded him. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine to obtain a subordinate place with a surgeon, and they had need of all their romance to make their realities tolerable. Madame, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event Monsieur died, his last moments being made bitter by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Madame supported herself and child by the sale of fancy needle-work, and giving lessons in music. She had offers of engagements at the theatres, but she refused them, and fought on single-handed against her destiny. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she held her ground until about six months since, when she was put *hors de combat*, the doctors say, with consumption, and is following her husband at the quick step. Mademoiselle Marie is eighteen, and is a good girl, oh! a brave girl. She has stepped into the gap left by her prostrate mother, and monsieur *le propriétaire* is very forbearing; but I fear the poor child is nearly beaten in the double struggle with her heart and body. For you must know, Monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiancée of a *sous officier*, who is now struggling with death before Sebastopol. He has been honorably mentioned and decorated for his bravery, but since a long time Marie has only heard that he is in hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs," out of a grave-yard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative went rolling bodily into the uplifted wine-glass, and before she could recover herself the little "cabbage" came running down stairs in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, *mon chou?* Is Madame worse?"

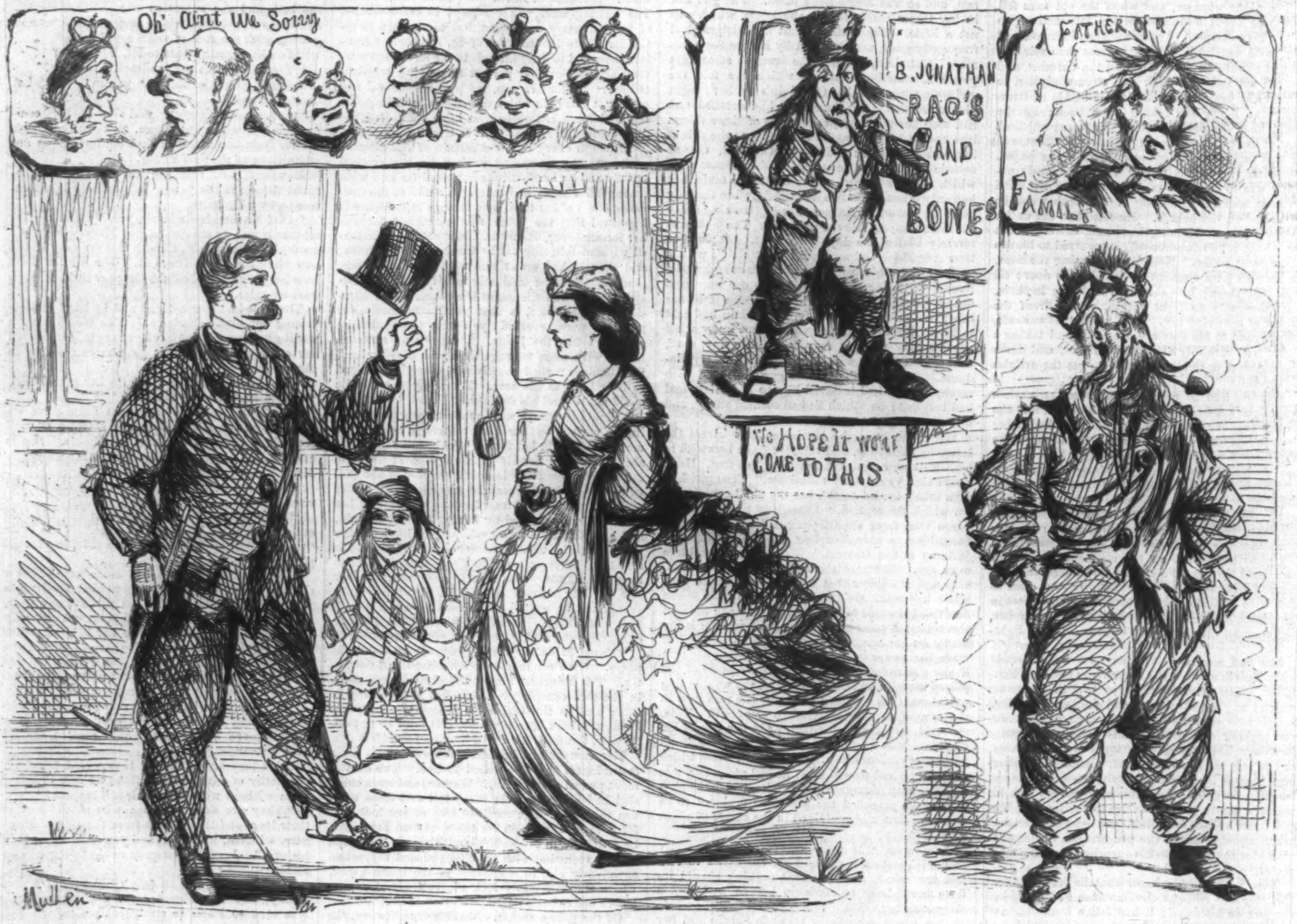
"Oh, grandmère, she is in agonies, and Mademoiselle wishes to have a doctor!"

We offered our services, and followed the "little cabbage" up stairs, and in the few moments that we waited for the acceptance of our services we had time to take a survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme; but the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in the window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

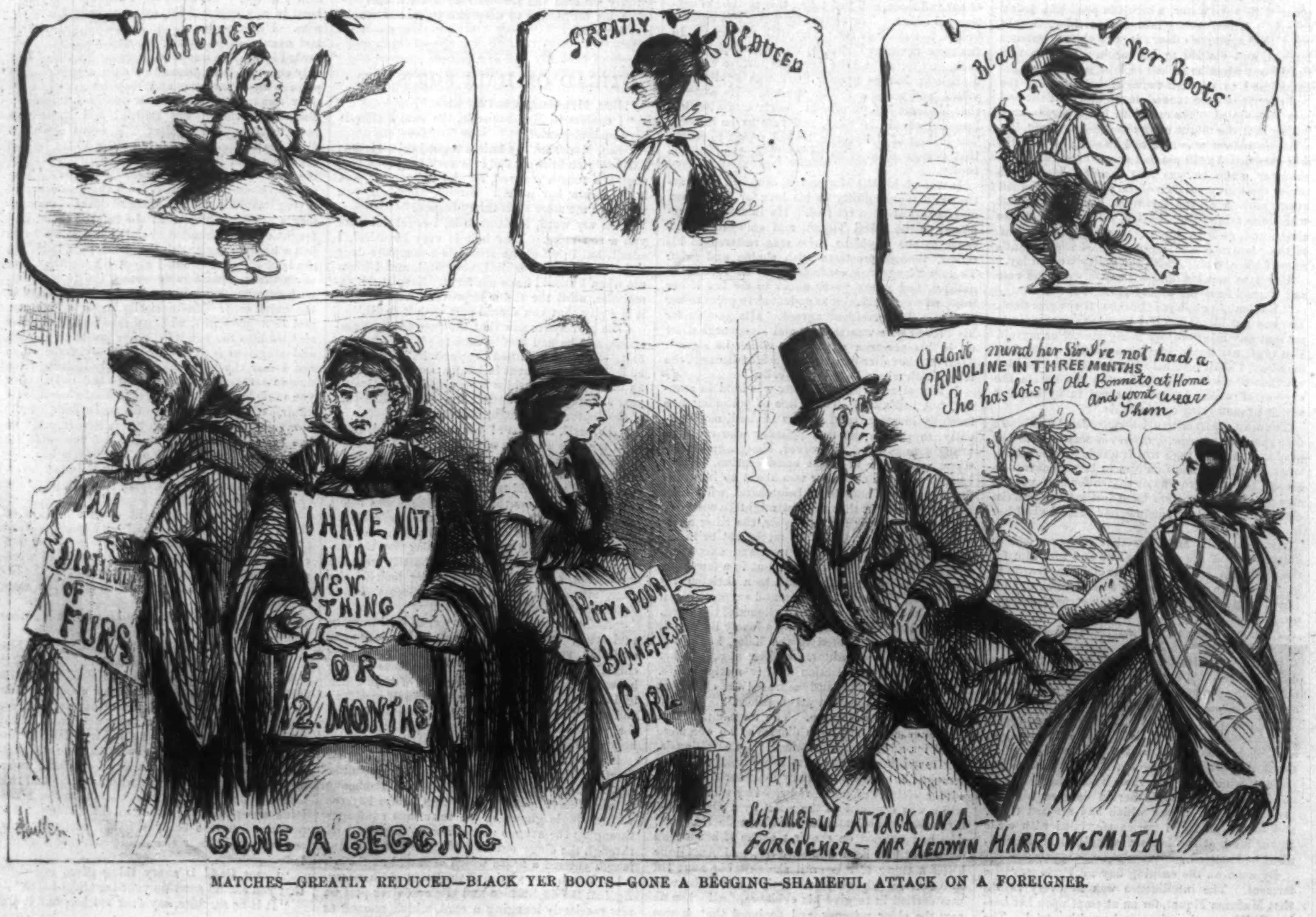
"Great God! is every thing gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will

Possible Effects of Disunion upon New York High Life.


Oh' aint we Sorry
B. JONATHAN RAG'S AND BONES
We HOPE it wont COME TO THIS
A FATHER OF A FAMILY
Mullen

SCENES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.


MATCHES
GREATLY REDUCED
Blag Yer Boots
I AM DESTITUTE OF FURS
I HAVE NOT HAD A NEW THING FOR 12 MONTHS
PITY A POOR BONNETLESS GIRL
GONE A BEGGING
O don't mind her Sir I've not had a CRINOLINE IN THREE MONTHS She has lots of Old Bonnets at Home and wont wear Them
SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER — Mr HEDWIN HARROWSMITH
Mullen

MATCHES—GREATLY REDUCED—BLACK YER BOOTS—GONE A BEGGING—SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER.

be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair *would be* stronger than ever before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertion; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured, "I feel it is too late, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would hand her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her agonies to affect.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we can not see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmère has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance, and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the irruption of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose demeanor stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

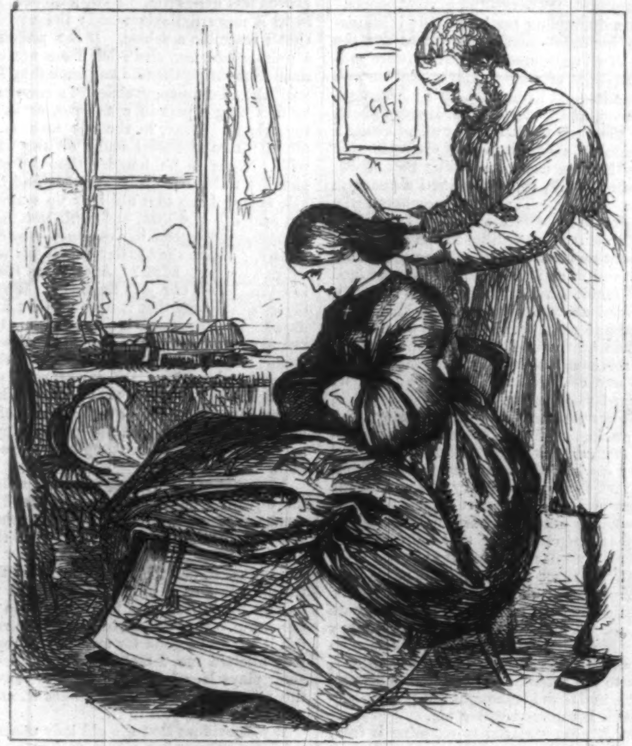
"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not unmusical.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low, nervous tone—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Auliere; and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."



A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"You are right, Monsieur. What then?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings.

Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband—"

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so, for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was vailed and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unwound the poor girl's arms from the almost breathless clay.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministration. Her pulse ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unstained over her mouth. She was *gone;* and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended we found Justine all anxiety regarding the patient and her visitor. She scanned our features with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and, with a volubility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep with a dog at their heels.

"Was Madame better? Was Monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did Mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?"

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

"Great God! and is it so, Monsieur? And Mademoiselle—"

"Is with her grandfather," we rejoined.

"Did Monsieur say 'her grandfather?'"

We replied in the affirmative.

"I see; Heaven is at length mindful of its own. Then Monsieur will care for her, and the shorn lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness," exclaimed Justine.

We promised to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justine's cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an unwonted flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been desolate, inconsolable; but Monsieur, *son grandpère*, was prodigal of his sympathy, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

"After the funeral," said Justine, "they will retire to the château of Monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandmère in the household. But I know not how long this arrangement will last," continued she, "for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received by this day's post a letter from her affianced, who is recovered, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quietly submit to see his favorite conscript becoming the follower of another.

A few days subsequently we received a handsome mourning ring from Marie's grandfather, accompanied by a note containing warm but unearned thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now as mementos of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

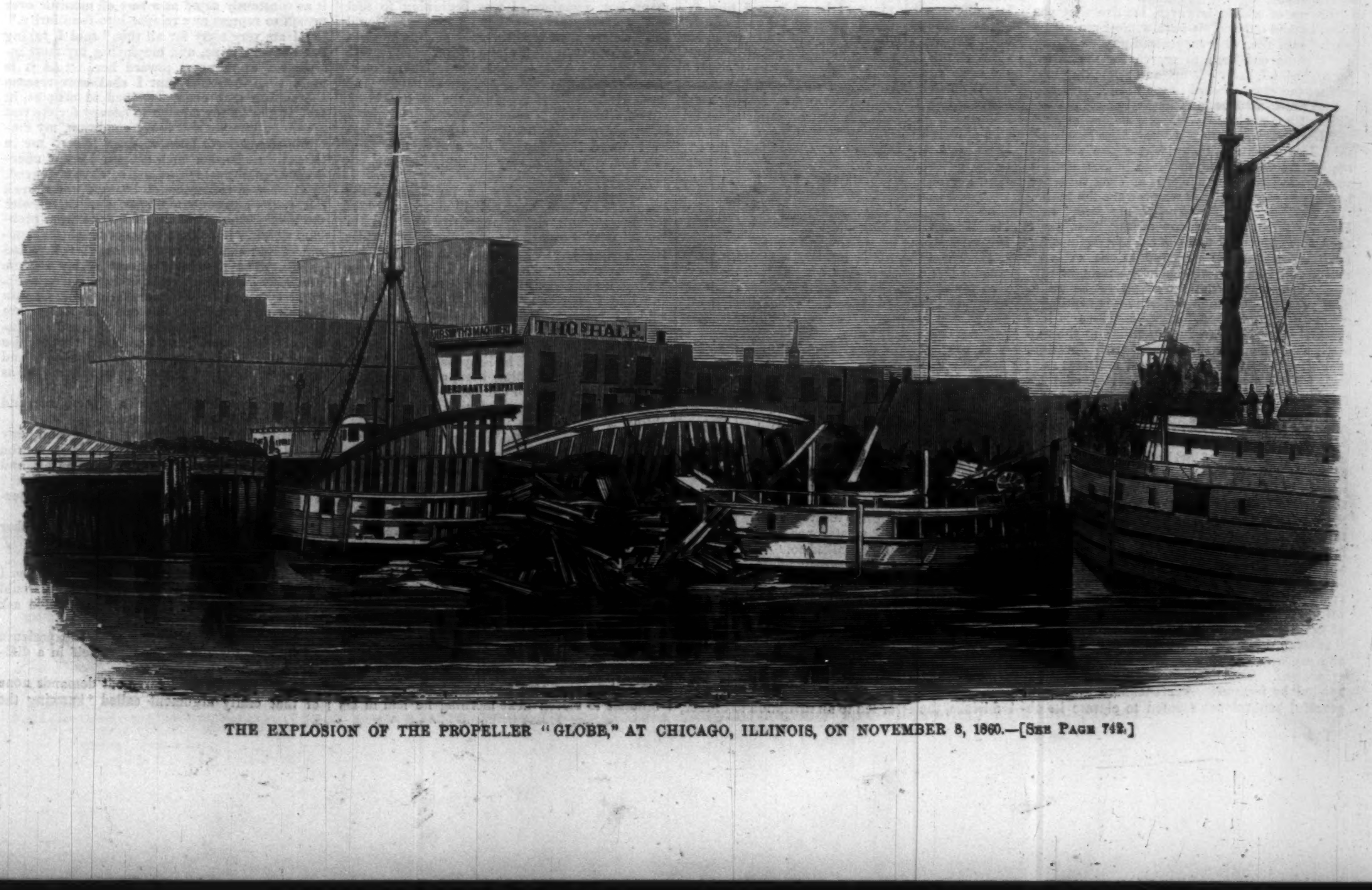
By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, so is there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was easier for me than to lend myself to the idle current of my fancy. Most men who build "castles in Spain," as the old adage calls them, do so purely to astonish their friends. *I* indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my study was to make it as habitable and comfortable as I could. Ay, and what's more, live in it I did, though very often the tenure was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short lease ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architraves and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though I were to walk in them in my extreme old age.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE," AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON NOVEMBER 8, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

This faculty of lending myself to an illusion by no means adhered to me where the deception was supplied by another; from the moment I entered one of *their* castles, I felt myself in a strange house. I continually forgot where the stairs were, what this gallery opened on, where that corridor led to. No use was it to say, "You are at home here. You are at your own fireside." I knew and I felt that I was not.

By this declaration I mean my reader to understand that, while ready for any exigency of a story devised by myself, I was perfectly miserable at playing a part written for me by a friend; nor was this feeling diminished by the thought that I really did not know the person I was believed to represent; nor had I the very vaguest clew to his antecedents or belongings.

As I set out in search of Miss Herbert these were the reflections I revolved, occasionally asking myself, "Is the old lady at all touched in the upper story? Is there not something Private Asylum-ish in these wanderings?" But still, apart from this special instance, she was a marvel of acuteness and good sense. I found Miss Herbert in a little arbor at her work; the newspaper on the bench beside her.

"So," said she, without looking up, "you have been making a long visit up stairs. You found Mrs. Keates very agreeable, or you were so yourself."

"Is there any thing wrong hereabouts?" said I, touching my forehead with my finger.

"Nothing whatever."

"No fancies, no delusions about certain people?"

"None whatever."

"None of the family suspected of any thing odd, or eccentric?"

"Not that I have ever heard of. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it was a mere fancy, perhaps, on my part; but her manner to-day struck me as occasionally strange—almost flighty."

"And on what subject?"

"I am scarcely at liberty to say that; in fact, I am not at all free to divulge it," said I, mysteriously, and somewhat gratified to remark that I had excited a most intense curiosity on her part to learn the subject of our interview.

"Oh, pray do not make any imprudent revelations to me," said she, pettishly; "which, apart from the indiscretion, would have the singular demerit of affording me not the slightest pleasure. I am not afflicted with the malady of curiosity."

"What a blessing to you! Now, I am the most inquisitive of mankind. I feel that if I were a clerk in a bank I'd spend the day prying into every one's account, and learning the exact state of his balance-sheet. If I were employed in the post-office no terror of the law could restrain me from reading the letters. Tell me that any one has a secret in his heart, and I feel I could cut him open to get at it!"

"I don't think you are giving a flattering picture of yourself in all this," said she, peevishly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Herbert: but I am also one of those who do not trade upon qualities they have no pretension to."

She flushed a deep crimson at this, and after a moment said:

"Has it not occurred to you, Sir, that people who seldom meet except to exchange ungracious remarks, would show more judgment by avoiding each other's society?"

Oh, how my heart thrilled at this pettish speech! In Hans Grüter's Courtship, he says, "I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel." "I have thought of that too, Miss Herbert," said I, "but there are outward observances to be kept up, conventionalities to be respected."

"None of which, however, require that you should come out and sit here while I am at my work," said she, with suppressed passion.

"I came out here to search for the newspaper," said I, taking it up, and stretching myself on the grassy sward to read at leisure.

She arose at once, and gathering all the articles of her work into a basket, walked away.

"Don't let me hunt you away, Miss Herbert," said I, indolently; "any where else will suit me just as well: Pray don't go." But without vouchsafing to utter a word, or even turn her head, she continued her way toward the house.

"The morning she slapped my face," says Hans, "filled the measure of my bliss, for I then saw she could not control her feelings for me." This passage recurred to me as I lay there, and I hugged myself in the thought that such a moment of delight might yet be mine. The profound German explains this sentiment well. "With women," says he, "love is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; at the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion, they like to cut and wound and maltreat their god. With *them* this is the ecstasy of their passion."

I now saw that the girl was in love with me, and that she did not know it herself. I take it that the sensations of a man who suddenly discovers that the pretty girl he has been admiring is captivated by his attentions, are very like what a head-clerk may feel at being sent for by the house and informed that he is now one of the firm! This may seem a commercial formula to employ, but it will serve to show my meaning, and as I lay there on that velvet turf, what a delicious vision spread itself around me! At one moment we were rich, traveling in splendor through Europe, amassing art-treasures wherever we went, and despoiling all the great galleries of their richest gems. I was the associate of all that was distinguished in literature and science, and my wife the chosen friend of queens and princesses. How unaffected we were, how unspoiled by fortune! Approachable by all, our graceful benevolence seemed to elevate its object and make of the recipient the benefactor. What a world of bliss this vile dross men call gold can scatter! "There—there, good people," said I, blandly, waving my hand, "no illuminations, no bonfires—your happy faces are the brightest of all welcomes." Then we were suddenly poor—out of caprice just to see how we should like it—and living in a little cottage under Snowdon, and I was writing, Heaven knows what, for the periodicals, and my wife rocking a little urchin in a cradle, whom we constantly awoke by kissing, each pretending that it was all the other's fault, till we ratified a peace in the same fashion. Then I remembered the night, never to be forgotten, when I received my appointment as something in the antipodes, and we went up to town to thank the great man who bestowed it, and he asked us to dinner, and he was, I fancied, more than polite to my wife, and I sulked about it when we got home, and she petted and caressed me, and we were better friends than ever, and I swore I would not accept the minister's bounty, and we set off back again to our cottage in Wales, and there we were when I came to myself once more.

It is always pleasant—at least I have ever felt it so, on awakening from a dream, or a reverie—to know that one has borne himself well in some imaginary crisis of difficulty and peril. I like to think that I was in no hurry to get into the long-boat. I am glad I gave poor Dick that last fifty-pound note—my last in the world—and I rejoice to remember that I did not run away from that grizzly bear, but sent the four-pound ball right into the very middle of his forehead. You feel in all these that the metal of your nature has been tested, and come out pure gold: at all events *I* did, and was very happy thereat. It was not till after some little time that I could get myself clear out of dream-land, and back to the actual world of small debts and difficulties, and then I bethought me of the newspaper which lay unread beside me.

I began it now, resolved to examine it from end to end, till I discovered the passage that alluded to me. It was so far pleasant reading that it was novel and original. A very able leader set forth that nothing could equal the blessings of the Pope's rule at Rome—no people were so happy—so prosperous—or so contented—that all the granaries were full, and all the jails empty, and the only persons of small incomes in the State were the cardinals, and that they were too heavenly-minded to care for it. After this there came some touching anecdotes of that good man the late King of Naples. And then there was a letter from Frohsdorf, with fifteen francs inclosed to the inhabitants of a village submerged by an inundation. There were pleasant little paragraphs, too, about England, and all the money she was spending to propagate infidelity and spread the slave-trade—the two great and especial objects of her policy—after which came insults to France and injustice to Ireland. The general tone of the print was war with every one but some twenty or thirty old ladies and gentleman living in exile somewhere in Bohemia. Now none of these things touched *me*, and I was growing very weary of my search when I lighted upon the following:

"We are informed, on authority that we can not question, that the young C. de P. is now making the tour of Germany alone and in disguise, his object being to ascertain for himself how the various relatives of his house, on the maternal side, would feel affected by any movement in France to renew his pretensions. Strange, undignified, and ill-advised as such a step must seem, there is nothing in it at all repulsive to the well-known traditions of the younger branch. Our informant himself met the P. at Mayence, and speedily recognized him from the marked resemblance he bears to the late duchess, his mother: he addressed him at once by his title, but was met by the cold assurance that he was mistaken, and that a casual similarity in features had already led others into the same error. The general—for our informant is an old and honored soldier of France—confessed he was astounded at the 'aplomb' and self-possession displayed by so young a man; and although their conversation lasted for nearly an hour, and ranged over a wide field, the C. never for an instant exposed himself to a detection, nor offered the slightest clew to his real rank and station. Indeed, he affected to be English by birth, which his great facility in the language enabled him to do. When he quitted Mayence it was for central Germany."

Here was the whole mystery revealed, and I was no less a person than a royal prince—very like my mother, but neither so tall nor robust as my distinguished father! "Oh, Potts! in all the wildest ravings of your most florid moments you never arrived at this!"

A very strange thrill went through me as I finished this paragraph. It came this wise. There is, in one of Hoffman's tales, the story of a man who, in a compact with the Fiend, acquired the power of personating whomsoever he pleased, but who, sated at last with the enjoyment of this privilege, and eager for a new sensation, determined he would try whether the part of the Devil himself might not be amusing. Apparently Mephistopheles won't stand joking, for he resented the liberty by depriving the transgressor of his identity forever, and made him become each instant whatever character occurred to the mind of him he talked to.

Though the parallel scarcely applied, the very thought of it sent an aguish thrill through me—a terror so great and acute that it was very long before I could turn the medal round and read it on the reverse. There, indeed, was matter for vainglory! "It was but t'other day," thought I, "and Lord Keldrum and his friends fancied I was their intimate acquaintance, Jack Burgoyne; and though they soon found out the mistake, the error led to an invitation to dinner, a delightful evening, and, alas! that I should own, a variety of consequences, some of which proved less delightful. Now, however, Fortune is in a more amiable mood: she will have it that I resemble a prince. It is a project which I neither aid nor abet; but I am not churlish enough to refuse the rôle any more than I should spoil the Christmas revelries of a country-house by declining a part in a tableau, or in private theatricals. I say, in the one case as in the other, 'Here is Potts! make of him what you will. Never is he happier than by affording pleasure to his friends.' To what end, I would ask, should I rob that old lady up stairs at No. 12, evidently a widow, and with not too many enjoyments to solace her old age—why should I rob her of what she has herself called the proudest episode in her life? Are not, as the moralists tell us, all our joys fleeting? Why, then, object to this one that it may only last for a few days? Let us suppose it only to endure throughout our journey, and the poor old soul will be so happy, never caring for the fatigues of the road, never fretting about the innkeepers' charges, but delighted to know that his royal highness enjoys himself, and sits over his bottle of Chambertin every evening in the garden, apparently as devoid of care as though he were a bagman."

I can not say how it may be with others, but, for myself, I have always experienced an immense sense of relief, actual repose, whenever I personated somebody else; I felt as though I had left the man Potts at home to rest and refresh himself, and took an airing as another gentleman: just as I might have spared my own paletot by putting on a friend's coat in a thunder-storm. Now I *did* wish for a little repose; I felt it would be good for me. As to the special part allotted me, I took it just as an obliging actor plays Hamlet or the Cock to convenience the manager. Mrs. Keates likes it, and, I repeat, I do not object to it.

It was evident that the old lady was not going to communicate her secret to her companion, and this was a great source of satisfaction to me. Whatever delusions I threw around Miss Herbert I intended should be lasting. The traits in which I would invest myself to *her* eyes, my personal prowess, coolness in danger, skill at all manly exercises, together with a large range of general gifts and acquirements, I meant to accompany me through all time, and I am a sufficient believer in magnetism to feel assured that by imposing upon *her* I should go no small part of the road to deceiving myself, and that the first step in any gift is to suppose you are eminently suited to it, is a well-known and readily acknowledged maxim. Women grow pretty from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

"Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Keates came down, and our dinner that day was somewhat formal. I don't think any of us felt quite at ease, and, for my own part, it was a relief to me when the old lady asked my leave to retire after her coffee. "If you should feel lonely, Sir, and if Miss Herbert's company would prove agreeable—"

"Yes," said I, languidly, "that young person will find me in the garden." And therewith I gave my orders for a small table under a great weeping-ash, and the usual accompaniment of my after-dinner hours, a cool flask of Chambertin. I had time to drink more than two-thirds of my Burgundy before Miss Herbert appeared. It was not that the hour hung heavily on me, or that I was not in a mood of considerable enjoyment, but, somehow, I was beginning to feel chafed and impatient at her long delay. Could she possibly have remonstrated against the impropriety of being left alone with a young man? Had she heard, by any mischance, that impertinent phrase by which I designated her? Had Mrs. Keates herself resented the cool style of my permission by a counter-order? "I wish I knew what detains her!" cried I to myself, just as I heard her step on the gravel, and then saw her coming, in very leisurely fashion, up the walk.

Determined to display an indifference the equal of her own, I waited till she was almost close; and then, rising languidly, I offered her a chair with a superb air of Brummelism, while I listlessly said, "Won't you take a seat?"

It was growing duskish, but I fancied I saw a smile on her lip as she sat down.

"May I offer you a glass of wine or a cigar?" said I, carelessly.

"Neither, thank you," said she, with gravity.

"Almost all women of fashion smoke nowadays," I resumed. "The Empress of the French smokes this sort of thing here, and the Queen of Bavaria smokes and chews."

She seemed rebuked at this, and said nothing.

"As for myself," said I, "I am nothing without tobacco—positively nothing. I remember one night—it was the fourth sitting of the Congress at Paris—that Sardinian fellow, you know his name, came to me and said,

"'There's that confounded question of the Danubian Provinces coming on to-morrow, and Gortschakoff is the only one who knows any thing about it. Where are we to get at any thing like information?'

"'When do you want it, Count?' said I.

"'To-morrow, by eleven at latest. There must be at least a couple of hours to study it before the Congress meets.'

"'Tell them to bring in ten candles, fifty cigars, and two quires of foolscap,' said I; 'and let no one pass this door till I ring.' At ten minutes to eleven next morning he had in his hands that memoir which Lord C. said embodied the prophetic wisdom of Edmund Burke with the practical statesmanship of the great Commoner. Perhaps you have read it?"

"No, Sir."

"Your tastes do not probably incline to affairs of state. If so, only suggest what you'd like to talk on. I am indifferently skilled in most subjects. Are you for the poets? I am ready, from Dante to the Bigelow Papers. Shall it be arts? I know the whole thing from Memmling and his long-nosed saints, to Leech and the Punchists. Make it antiquities, agriculture, trade, dress, the drama, conchology, or cock-fighting—I'm your man; so go in, and don't be afraid that you'll disconcert me."

"I assure you, Sir, that my fears would attach far more naturally to my own insufficiency."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "there's something in that. Macaulay used to be afraid of me. Whenever Mrs. Montagu Stanhope asked him to one of her Wednesday dinners, he always declined if I was to be there. You don't seem surprised at that?"

"No, Sir," said she, in the same quiet, grave fashion.

"What's the reason, young lady," said I, somewhat sternly, "that you persist in saying 'Sir' on every occasion that you address me? The ease of that intercourse that should subsist between us is marred by this Americanism. The pleasant interchange of thought loses the charming feature of equality. How is this?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Sir."

"You are not at liberty to say, young lady?" said I, severely. "You tell me distinctly that your manner toward me is based upon a something which you must not reveal?"

"I am sure, Sir, you have too much generosity to press me on a subject of which I can not, or ought not, to speak."

That fatal Burgundy had got into my brains, while the princely delusion was uppermost; and if I had been submitted to the thumb-screw now, I would have died one of the Orleans family. "Mademoiselle," said I, grandly, "I have been fortunately, or unfortunately, brought up in a class that never tolerates contradiction. When we ask we feel that we order."

"Oh, Sir, if you but knew the difficulty I am in—"

"Take courage, my dear creature," said I, blending condescension with something warmer. "You will at least be reposing your confidence where it will be worthily bestowed."

"But I have promised, not exactly promised, but Mrs. Keates enjoined me imperatively not to betray what she revealed to me."

"Gracious Powers!" cried I, "she has not surely communicated my secret—she has not told you who I am?"

"No, Sir, I assure you most solemnly that she has not; but being annoyed by what she remarked as the freedom of my manner toward you at dinner, the readiness with which I replied to your remarks, and what she deemed the want of deference I displayed for them, she took me to task this evening, and without intending it, even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which showed me that you were one of the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to travel for the moment in this obscurity and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion she had committed, and said, 'Now, Miss Herbert, that an accident has put you in possession of certain circumstances which I had neither the will nor the right to reveal, will you do me the inestimable favor to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me?' I told her, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she occasionally—inadvertently, perhaps—used 'Sir,' in addressing you, I deemed the imitation a safe one, while it as constantly acted as a sort of monitor over myself to repress any relapse into familiarity."

"I am very sorry for all this," said I, taking her hand in mine, and employing my most insinuating of manners toward her. "As it is more than doubtful that I shall ever resume the station that once pertained to me; as, in fact, it may be my fortune to occupy for the rest of life an humble and lowly condition, my ambition would have been to draw toward me in that modest station such sympathies and affections as might attach to one so circumstanced. My plan was to assume an obscure name, seek out some unfrequented spot, and there, with the love of one—one only—solve the great problem, whether happiness is not as much the denizen of the thatched cottage as of the gilded palace. The first requirement of my scheme was, that my secret should be in my own keeping. One can steel his own heart against vain regrets and longings; but one can not secure himself against the influence of those sympathies which come from without, the unwise promptings of zealous followers, the hopes and wishes of those who read your submission as mere apathy."

I paused and sighed; she sighed too, and there was a silence between us.

"Must she not feel very happy and very proud," thought I, "to be sitting there on the same bench with a prince, her hand in his, and he pouring out all his confidence in her ear? I can not fancy a situation more full of interest."

"After all, Sir," said she, calmly, "remember that Mrs. Keates alone knows your secret. *I* have not the vaguest suspicion of it."

"And yet," said I, tenderly, "it is to *you* I would confide it; it is in *your* keeping I would wish to leave it; it is from *you* I would ask counsel as to my future."

"Surely, Sir, it is not to such inexperience as mine you would address yourself in a difficulty?"

"The plan I would carry out demands none of that crafty argument called 'knowing the world.' All that acquaintance with the by-play of life, its conventionalities and exactions, would be sadly out of place in an Alpine village, or a Tyrolese Dorf, where I mean to pitch my tent. Do you not think that your interest might be persuaded to track me so far?"

"Oh, Sir, I shall never cease to follow your steps with the deepest anxiety."

"Would it not be possible for me to secure a lease of that sympathy?"

"Can you tell me what o'clock it is, Sir?" said she, very gravely.

"Yes," said I, rather put out by so sudden a diversion; "it is a few minutes after nine."

"Pray excuse my leaving you, Sir, but Mrs. Keates takes her tea at nine, and will expect me." And, with a very respectful courtesy, she withdrew, before I could recover from my astonishment at this abrupt departure.

"I trust that my royal highness said nothing indiscreet," muttered I to myself; "though, upon my life, this hasty exit would seem to imply it."

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I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff, and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good condition.

Your obedient servant,
A. A. FULLER.

Baldness.

Boston, November 24, 1859.

Gentlemen: When I first used your Cocoaine, I had been bald seven years. In the mean time, I had tried a dozen different preparations, specially recommended for baldness (and all claiming to be infallible), without any beneficial effect.

The ladies of my household urged me to try your Cocoaine, which I did, to please them, not having myself any faith in the power of man to restore my hair. I have used the contents of one bottle, and my bald pate is covered all over with young hair, about three eighths of an inch long, which appears strong and healthy, and determined to grow.

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Very truly your obliged and obd't servant,
D. T. MERWIN.

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By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Irritation of the Scalp.

Waterville, Me., Sept. 15, 1860.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: Dear Sirs,—I deem it but just to state to you some of the benefits I have derived from the use of your Cocoaine. Twelve years ago I had the typhus fever; after my recovery I found myself troubled with an irritation of the scalp, which had continued to annoy me very much, and to alleviate it I had failed to find a remedy.

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